Saturday Night

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HER EYES.

BY HARRY MARBLESTONE.

Are they blue, or are they gray?
Are they brown?—oh, who can say?
Gazing in them day by day,
Tender, tearful, laughing, gay,
They have stolen my heart away,
Be they brown, or blue, or gray!

Changeful as the changing sea,
Brighter than the morning dew,
Is it strange they seem to me
All that's lovely, sweet and true?
Soft with sadness, bright with glee,
They have made a slave of me!

Is she dark? or is she fair?
Has she brown, or golden hair?
Little do I know or care.
Of her eyes you must beware,
Or your heart they will ensnare,
By their witcheries, sweet and rare!

Ah, they'll never tell to you
All their glance has told to me!
Be they brown, or gray, or blue,
Nevermore can they be free,
For they've told me, brave and true,
That they love, and love but me!

SYLPH OF THE BALLET;

OR,

The Scarlet Mark!

BY GRACE THORNTON,

AUTHOR OF "ALWAYS TRUE," "THE SECRET OF THE CLIFFS," "BERTHA THE STORE GIRL," "THE FATAL WHISPER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A MYSTERIOUS CRY.

"Help! help!"

The cry came faintly and in a smothered tone from an alley behind one of the principal city theatres, and reached the ear of a hurried street-passenger, one windy autumn midnight, as he was making his way from the depot he had just left toward the nearest hotel, where he meant to put up for the night.

He was a young man of good figure, and as he stopped instantly under a lamp, and gazing around him listened anxiously for a repetition of the cry, his face appeared young and handsome, though his complexion was singularly dark, compared to the color of his hair, and could only be accounted for by the supposition of his having been a great traveler, or a dweller in hot climes.

"Oh, save me!"

This time the voice that uttered these words sounded nearer and less stifled; guided by it he ran back a few paces to the entrance of a dark and dismal court, which was closed on one side by the tall, blank theatre wall, and on the other by the back of a livery stable. There was a flickering lamp at the further end, and by its light he saw a man, in a loose cloak or coat, bound over a low wall and disappear from view, while a tall woman, in a gaudy gauze dress, covered with torn lace and broken strands of roses, came tottering toward him, with both hands pressed upon her side, and the ghastly hue of death upon her face.

Though she swayed as she walked, she came quickly and met him at the entrance of the court, just beneath the lamp that showed her marble face and horror-stricken eyes.

One moment of amazement and alarm was followed by a realization of the surroundings in the young man's mind.

This woman so strangely clad must be an actress, still wearing her professional costume; the absconding wretch had assaulted her in some way, and she had called for help.

Chivalric and ardent by nature, Arthur Percy's was the very arm to appeal to for protection, and he now stretched it out to support the faltering figure of the poor actress, as he said, eagerly:

"Tell me the villain's name—what has he done to you? Poor lady, you are hurt; lean on me."

She turned her great black eyes on him, as his pitying voice met her ear. They were full of agony that strove to utter itself in words, but her white lips moved and gave forth no sound. Then he saw that she was mortally hurt: the fingers that clutched her side were red with blood, and a widely-spreading stain dabbled her satin bodice and dyed its silver spangles.

She was a tall, slender woman, past the first blush of youth, and with a foreign air. Her eyes were black; so were her long, loose tresses, that, falling in the struggle, had been caught and gathered in her stiffening hands, to staunch the life-blood welling from her heart.

The streets were empty, the dwellings closed, and Arthur saw the woman was dying. An echoing footstep sounded near, and in his imminent need he called aloud for help.

Then the woman spoke, and to his alarm and amazement the only words she uttered were his *own name*.

"*Arthur Percy!*"

She was a foreigner, a Spaniard, Arthur guessed by her tone; but how in heaven's name should she know him, who had but that night returned to his native city, after an absence of nine years? So far as he knew at that moment, he had not a single remaining friend dwelling there save his cousin and godfather, an old lawyer, who had also been the guardian of his orphaned youth.

While he yielded to his surprise, the hastening feet behind summoned drew near, but the wounded actress was going fast.

Her form grew leaden in his hold, her lips wrought convulsively for an instant, then fell apart, with one last word and sigh:

"Cerita!"

She was dead, and a small, humpbacked man, with a mild and gentle face, was at his side. He was out of breath with hurrying, and asked, before he looked at Arthur:

"What's the matter, sir?"

"Murder, I fear!" returned the other. "Help me, if you can, to carry this lady—who I fear is dead—toward those marble steps. Here, place my cloak under her head—poor creature! What! do you know her?"

This last exclamation was elicited by the conduct of the humpback, who no sooner caught the lamplight on the dead woman's face, than he staggered back with a cry of horror, and stood shuddering violently, with his eyes averted from the dreadful sight.

"Speak, man!" cried Arthur, impatiently. "Do you not see that if life yet remains there is no time to be lost? Here comes the watch at last, thank heaven! This way, this way! There has been murder here, and the ruffian who did the deed has had ample time to escape. He went that way, over the railing at the back of the court."

The shrill whistle of alarm sounded instantly, and was answered soon from different quarters.

Arthur would have gone for a surgeon, though he felt instinctively that all such aid was useless, but the policeman signified that it was his duty to detain him.

The sound of running feet drew near; two or three of his fellows came in sight, and he then said to Arthur and the speechless humpback:

"Gentlemen, I came upon you here under peculiar and serious circumstances. It is my business to see that you attend a hearing in this case. Search will be made for the perpetrator of the deed; but your presence must be secured to witness against him if found, so I shall require you to accompany me."

"At his first step, she uttered a warning cry, and held up her hand to stay him, while she quickly thrust the letter into the lighted grate."

Arthur's companion had sunk on his knees beside the body. He made no protest against detention—indeed, he appeared quite unconscious of what was transpiring around him, and wholly occupied with the dreadful sight on which his gaze was riveted; but Arthur himself resented forcible interference with his plans.

"I am this hour arrived in this city after an absence of nine years," he told the officer who had first appeared on the scene, "and I came from South America with what haste I could, at the entreaty of an only relative, who may be at this moment in a dying state."

"If you have relatives here, you can readily be identified, and give security for your appearance at the inquest," said the officer, firmly. "So can your friend there—"

"I have but one relative—Mr. Arthur Percy, a lawyer," interrupted Arthur.

"Mr. Percy of No. 9 Percy Square?" asked the officer.

Arthur nodded.

"Then," said the policeman, "you are too late to see him alive. He was buried nearly a fortnight since; but his managing man, Mr. Sharkey, is his representative now at the old place."

Arthur was silent. To say that his heart grew heavy with grief at these unexpected tidings would be to underdraw the reality.

His cousin and guardian had not been a man to expect or awaken love. Cold and reticent by nature, he neither sought nor gave affection; and the utmost of his aim in regard to his ward and namesake had been to provide him with a fair education, and start him in a safe and steady business career.

Yet, lonely and friendless as his life had been, Arthur could ill spare even this meagre interest; and the letter of the old man, which had caused his homeward journey, was so full of an indefinable yearning, that had never before accompanied his short, business-like epistles, that hope of a kindlier and warmer intercourse had been awakened by it, and the young man heard with sad regret that the opportunity was now lost forever.

"So my cousin is dead!" he said at length, in a sad tone. "Well, then, I am willing to go with you wherever you wish. My errand home is fruitless now."

The officer, whose name was Barker, was a police lieutenant, and had lost no time while parleying with Arthur.

Two of the party who had responded to his summons had started in pursuit of the man whom Arthur had seen vault over the rails, and two or three others now arrived on the spot, carrying the stretchers for which they had been dispatched.

When they raised the body of the murdered woman, the little man, who had hitherto seemed petrified by grief and horror, appeared mechanically to rise with it, and then one of the men recognized him.

"It is Lumley, the scene-painter," he said.

"That's my name!" cried Lumley, looking wistfully around him. "But where are you going to carry her? Is there no hope? Oh, can nothing be done?"

"Nothing for her, poor soul!" said Mr. Barker, kindly. "Do you know her, my friend?"

"It is Madam Soubette—Mademoiselle Athene she was called in the bills; and we lodged at the same house. I had gone home with her young sister, Mademoiselle Cerita, who had a headache, and could not bear the lights; but she urged me to return again for Madam Soubette, as they were never happy when separated. I heard some one call for help at the corner, and ran over to find this gentleman holding the lady in his arms. I tried to assist him, but was seized with terror when I saw Madam Soubette's face, ghastly and dead!"

"Then there is a sister to be informed," said Barker, kindly—"a young girl, you say. Is there any woman whom she knows that could break the blow to the poor thing?"

Lumley shook his head.

"They know no women, and are quite solitary and friendless here. I met them by chance, six months ago, in the green-room, waiting for the manager, and as it was through me they were engaged, we became friends. They have none other, and Mademoiselle Cerita is now totally alone."

"Poor girl!" said Barker. "You then must undertake the painful duty, Mr. Lumley."

But the humpback shrank from the suggestion as from a painful blow.

"Oh, I can't! I am struck dumb with fright and horror!" he cried, in a trembling voice. "I have no control over my words or thoughts. I can bear the girl's cry of agony, when the truth breaks on her—I can see her wild eyes and white lips! No, no—I cannot bear it!"

Something was stirring in Arthur's heart like the influence of an unseen mysterious power. The dying woman, with almost her last breath, had spoken his name. By what strange chance or intuition she had learned it, he could not explain. There was, and could be, no solution to such a mystery, and yet he had heard it as plainly as ever his ears had taken in the sound of the words uttered by any human lips before.

[illegible] "Cerita" had been breathed upon his breast, [illegible] he accepted this as a token of his fitness for the sad office that appealed to him.

One hour ago he had not known of the existence of the two women, and now they filled his every thought and feeling.

"I will go to that poor girl, and spare her what I may of the terrible burden Fate has in store for her to bear," he thought.

They had followed the stretcher to the station. It was borne into an empty room, and the body laid upon a long pine table there. Some one brought a sheet to cover it, and Arthur closed the staring eyes, and smoothed the falling and disheveled hair beneath it.

Then, after making a statement to the officer, which he took down in writing, and entering his own recognizance to appear before the coroner next day, he turned to find the scene-painter, and learn from him where the dead woman's sister might be found.

He had disappeared, but the man who had recognized him in the street offered to direct Arthur to his residence.

"It is on the third floor of No. 21 Thalia Terrace, on the north side of Beneley's Gardens, if you know the neighborhood," he said.

Arthur nodded.

"I shall easily find it," he returned. "I knew every step of the locality nine years ago, and it cannot have changed beyond recognition yet."

As he left the station, he remembered that he had dropped his gloves in the inner room, where the body lay, and going back to get them, saw Lumley crouched on the floor, close to its feet, his head buried in his hands, and his whole attitude bespeaking the most intense and hopeless grief.

He neither spoke nor moved at Arthur's entrance, and respecting his profound sorrow, the intruder withdrew noiselessly, leaving him alone with the dead.

CHAPTER II.

ARTHUR'S WELCOME HOME.

Having undertaken the sad duty of breaking the terrible truth to the unconscious Cerita, Arthur became aware of the pain and responsibility of the task, and accordingly began to shrink from it a little as he drew near the professional precincts of Thalia Terrace.

There was a light burning at a window on the third floor, and while he stood looking up at it, and wondering if it could be *her* room, the sash was raised, and a girl's face peered anxiously down into the darkness below.

"She is looking for her sister," thought Arthur, with a shudder. "Heavens! how terrible the truth will be! I am a very coward—I dare not utter it to her!"

He ascended the dirty stone steps, and stood in the dingy vestibule, looking at the number of bell-handles, and trying to find courage to ring the one that led to Cerita's apartments.

A door at his right hand opened, and a broad-faced woman, overdressed in tawdry finery, but with a good-tempered and kindly face, appeared.

"Did you wish to communicate with any of my lodgers, sir?" she asked, with an important and business-like air.

"Mademoiselle Cerita—" began Arthur, in a hesitating voice, when the stout woman interrupted him quickly:

"She does not receive visitors. Madam Soubette's orders are strict—"

Then something in Arthur's countenance seemed to arrest her attention. She stopped abruptly, and asked:

"Is there anything wrong? Where is Mr. Lumley?"

"Is this your sitting-room? May I step in with you for a few moments?" said Arthur, gravely.

She opened the door quickly, and led the way into an apartment with a partition through its centre, that seemed to divide her sleeping-room from her reception-parlor, which gave glimpses, through a partly-opened door, of a very untidy chamber, with a tumbled bed and disordered dressing-bureau.

Nor was the sitting-room much neater. A profusion of play-bills and theatrical prints decorated its walls; a set of chintz-covered furniture, a round table and portable closet or cupboard constituted its embellishments, and everything betokened that its mistress was more easy-going in her habits than tidy and industrious.

"I am Mrs. Jimpsey, the proprietress of the establishment, and Madam Soubette's friend," she said, by way of introducing herself to Arthur. "That is," she added, correctively, "I'm her friend as far as she will let me be, and I am very fond of her pretty young sister."

"I am truly glad to hear you say so," said Arthur, giving her his card; "for the poor young lady will need a friend to-night, of all nights of her life."

"Why do you say that?" demanded Mrs. Jimpsey, with a scared look.

Then Arthur told her as gently as he could all the circumstances of the murder, withholding nothing except the one incident of the dying woman calling his name as she tottered toward him.

For some half-defined reason, he could not bring himself to speak of that to any one, and poor Mrs. [illegible] noticed it particularly if he had, so great was her horror and amazement at the things he had brought her.

"Dead!" she ejaculated, jumping up and pacing the room, wringing her fat hands in a distracted way. "Dead! and it was only this very evening, at eight, that she left the key at this door with her own hands, and gave her usual warning—'Let no one have it but Cerita or me.' Oh, poor Cerita—poor Cerita! She came home early, and is up stairs, waiting now for her that can never come!"

The good soul broke into a hearty wail of grief, and flung herself down upon the tumbled cushions of her sofa, in an abandonment of sorrow; but suddenly springing up again, she demanded:

"Who did the deed? Was it the person she always seemed to dread and be on the watch for?"

"It was a man, short and square in figure—I think with gray hair and a very, very dark skin," said Arthur. "I saw him for a single instant only, and then at a distance, but that is the picture he left on my mind. Does it correspond with the man you allude to?"

"I didn't allude to any particular man," sobbed Mrs. Jimpsey; "but when a person always looks behind her as she walks, and will not admit any one on any business, and is constantly giving strict orders about answering any one's questions, it is only natural to suppose that a person must have some cause for alarm. Hark! that is her foot on the stairs—Cerita's, I mean—she is coming down here! Oh! what shall we do? How shall we tell her?"

There was indeed the sound of a light, quick footstep upon the stairs outside. The door stood partly open, and Arthur saw a tall, slender figure, wrapt in a mantle that gave him a shivering reminder of the murdered woman who had died in his arms, an hour before.

There was a lamp in the hall, and it revealed her face, like and yet most unlike her sister's. The eyes were the same color, but the hair and complexion were entirely different, the latter being of pearly fairness, and the former of a rich golden brown.

In the countenance of the elder woman the traces of a strange life and the foreshadowing of a tragic end had been visible. The younger's was a fair, pure leaf, untarnished and unwritten, and only touched by a dawning anxiety, a wistful sweetness, that had begun to question fate, but that had as yet received no painful answer.

"How can I darken those lovely eyes? How can I cloud that fair, sweet face?" thought Arthur, as he looked imploringly at the weeping landlady, who rose in answer to Cerita's timid knock, and met her with a flood of tears.

"Oh, something sad has happened to you!" said the startled girl, looking from Mrs. Jimpsey to Arthur and back again. "I am so sorry! But forgive me for intruding! I was alarmed about my sister; she stays so late."

"Was she ever before taken very ill suddenly?" said Arthur, in a desperate effort to break the truth.

"My sister Athene ill?" Cerita asked, growing a little pale as she turned her full black eyes upon him inquiringly. "No, she is not subject to illness—that is, she has not been since we came to this city. Ah, I see you know something about her!" she burst out quickly, her keen intelligence catching the meaning of his look. "She has been ill to-night, and you came here to tell me of it! Where is she now? Let me go to her, please, at once! Do not wait an instant, I entreat! Oh, I shall not breathe again until I am by her side!"

She had rushed impulsively up to Arthur, and caught his arm between her pleading hands. Her eyes were turned to his with a look that pierced his very soul and rendered him speechless.

"I cannot equivocate under that gaze, and the truth will kill her. Heaven direct me!" he prayed, silently.

But her own keen instincts were at work more surely than any spoken words of his could be. They were slowly and surely preparing her for the secret they were gathering, piece by piece, from his countenance, and arranging it before her mind into a terrible, overwhelming revelation.

"My sister," she began, slowly, with her eyes glued to Arthur's face—"my sister has met with trouble—dreadful trouble! The shadow she has fled from all these years has overtaken her! She is ill—she is dying—oh, God, Athene is *dead!*"

The truth burst like a lightning flash. She lifted both hands on high as if to ward off the terrible thunderbolt of woe that fell with it, but her feeble strength gave way, and Arthur caught her, as he had caught her sister, and held her for a time almost as lifeless.

Poor Mrs. Jimpsey was no philosopher, but the sequel proved her to be a true, kind-hearted woman. She laid the stricken girl upon her sofa, and did her best to restore her to consciousness, and soothe and comfort her. If her arts were simple and her skill humble, her will was of the best, and Cerita, whose overwhelming sorrow for the time admitted of no alleviation, yet held her hand and clung to her in the very helplessness of her desolation.

The gray light of a dismal, wet morning came stealing through the misty windows, and struggling feebly with the unextinguished gas, ere Arthur left them alone together.

Cerita's paroxysms were exhausted. She was very still and strangely calm. At first they were obliged to restrain her. She must go at once, to be with Athene, living or dead, she had cried; but now she neither wept nor moaned, but sat quiet, and questioned, gravely and breathlessly, every particular of the dreadful occurrence, demanding to know what they would fain have spared her from bearing.

"Don't try to deceive me, in pity," she had said to Arthur. "I want all the truth, and I must have it. My sister cannot be restored to me, but she shall be avenged!"

Her black eyes glittered fiercely as she spoke the words, and her Spanish blood dyed her fair face crimson.

"Have no fear for me—I am strong again and can bear anything if I can only see her. Oh, say that I can see her, and be with her till—till they part us forever!"

The mute, imploring despair of her eyes touched him nearly, and her effort at self-control affected him more than the wildest ebullition of grief. He promised all she asked, and felt a wild longing to share and lessen her sorrow, that kept him at her side till the chilly dawn surprised him there, and then he departed, to follow his trunk to the hotel where he had sent it hours before.

The inquest was named for noon. There were hours that he must pass away somehow, and he determined to sleep, but found it quite impossible after his late excitement. Abandoning the effort and his bed after awhile, he rose and substituted a bath for slumber.

Leaving his scarcely tasted breakfast, he walked to No. 9 Percy Square—the old-fashioned corner house of which his deceased cousin's home for years, and his own after he had left school at fifteen, and until he had sailed for South America four years later.

The dwelling looked as large and gloomy as ever, but the hall and office-door seemed even dingier and mustier than in his cousin's time.

Mr. Sharkey—one of his earliest recollections in connection with the business—the cousin's manager and general factotum, sat in the front office alone, and started up in surprise, and with a strong mingling of some other emotion, as he opened the door without knocking.

"Why, it's Mr. Arthur himself, I vow it is!" he cried, changing color by the process of becoming a deeper yellow than his parchment skin usually wore. "Well, well, this is a treat, and who'd have thought it really possible you'd be settled so far away, you know."

He was a small, ferret-eyed, fawning and contorting old hypocrite, with a long, gaunt face and a cadaverous body, clad in closely fitting black.

He had made no effort to take Arthur's hand, but seeing it was not met on his part, he contented himself with rubbing and wringing his own, as if in a constitutional state of ecstasy, and smiling with his wide, slit-like mouth, in a most unpleasant manner.

"So my cousin Percy is dead, Sharkey," Arthur said, in a concise, business-like tone. "I learned so much from a stranger, last night, and since I returned home only on account of a letter I received from him the week previous to my starting, I came here to learn some of the particulars of his death."

"Yes, yes, quite natural, quite right, I am sure," returned Sharkey, rebuilding his evidences of interest and friendly demonstration. "And the old gentleman wrote to you? Ah, my dear sir, a melancholy case; quite a wreck—a mental wreck—for six months previous to his decease."

"Sharkey," said Arthur, suddenly and sharply, "don't try to play off tricks on me, whatever your design may be. It's true my cousin Percy's mind was in as clear a condition when he wrote to Montevideo, begging me to sail at once for New York, as he had an urgent reason for consulting and requiring my services, as it ever was in all my knowledge of him."

The ferret-like eyes became hideously cunning and inquisitive, and the long, bony fingers of Sharkey twitched nervously, as Arthur took out his pocket-book and produced the letter in question.

He opened it, ran his eyes over the contents to refresh his memory, and Sharkey, unable to control his desire to look, actually peered over his shoulder.

The epistle was short, and beyond repeated expressions of regret at the distance stretching between them, and the uttermost vaguely implied hope for warmer and more confidential relations in the future, it contained nothing more than Arthur had already alluded to.

Sharkey gave a sigh of relief. Arthur turned and caught him in his covert act, and moved aside with a motion of indignant contempt.

"I beg pardon!" cried the obsequious sneak—"I really beg pardon, Mr. Arthur! I thought you were calling my attention to something in particular in the letter; and I'm sure no one can be more interested in your friendly relations with my late principal than I am. We were partners during the last years, Mr. Arthur—that is, we were implied partners—and the little property Mr. Percy had to leave he bequeathed me in full. There's a fair copy of the will on the desk, sir, and it was found to be his only one."

"What is its date?"

Sharkey cleared his throat, and affected not to understand the question.

Arthur did not repeat it, but walking over to the spot indicated, consulted the document.

It was very short, and worded in a sort of angry defiance of other claims.

Arthur glanced at the date, and laughed.

"I thought so," he said. "Just ten years ago, and on the very day when I offended him so bitterly by refusing to be articled to this business here. Sharkey, there is another will somewhere. My cousin Percy executed this in a fit of anger that he repented [illegible] passed. There are our other claimants on his property, and there is another will, I am sure."

Sharkey laughed securely, and shook his head; at the same moment the door of the back parlor opened, and a woman, dressed in mourning, with a singularly dull and expressionless face, looked in.

"Why, it's Rachel!" cried Arthur, and advanced to meet her, with outstretched hands.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the woman, with a voice as monotonous as her countenance; "I did not know a stranger was here. Mr. Sharkey, breakfast is ready, sir."

Just for a single instant, and when Sharkey's back was turned, did this odd old woman permit a glance of recognition to escape her dull, stolid eyes. It was like the lifting of a screen for a second, that fell as soon as raised; but it was enough for Arthur.

He saw that she meant their intercourse to be kept secret from Sharkey, and he was quick enough to return a glance of intelligence ere she courtesied herself out of the room.

"So Rachel has forgotten me," said Arthur, as if speaking to himself.

"She grows more stupid every day," said Sharkey. "She is a mere machine, and her [illegible] girl is more like an evil spirit than ever. But my good friend, your cousin, recommended them to my care, and I will not desert them."

He turned up his eyes with affected sentiment at this speech, and Arthur arose to go, resisting his pressing and [illegible] offers of hospitality, and even remaining unmoved by his pompous offer to bestow on him any memento of his dead cousin he chose to select from his personal effects.

As he crossed the hall to reach the front door, he saw Rachel standing back in the shadow of the dark stairway.

She made a motion with her hand in the direction of out of doors, and held up her eight fingers.

The clock was just striking nine.

"It must be at eight to-night she means me to meet her," thought Arthur, and he nodded in acquiescence.

Immediately Rachel disappeared, and an undersized girl, of seventeen or thereabouts, came bounding and leaping like a wild creature down the stairs.

She stood still the moment she saw a stranger, and gazed into his face with a half-shy, half-impertinent curiosity.

She was diminutive, dark, and brilliantly pretty,

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but more like an elfin sprite than a human girl in her teens.

"It is little Meg, Rachel's child," thought Arthur, in surprise at the change time had made in this one member of his late cousin's household.

But before he could address her, she sprang down, and bounded through the hall with the wild and untrammeled grace of motion that accorded well with her odd beauty.

It was time to wend his way to Thalia Terrace now, and Arthur lingered no longer.

As soon as he left his cousin's door, his thoughts all reverted to Cerita, and his heart grew sad with the burden of her sorrow.

CHAPTER III.

CERITA'S GRIEF.

Mrs. Jimpsey had closed her windows, so that her room was in a sort of twilight as she opened the door in answer to his knock. She had also made some faint effort to set her household goods in order, but the good soul did not understand the art, and neither her apartments nor herself had much improved in neatness.

Cerita sat waiting on the sofa, her eyes fixed on the door, as if she had been counting the minutes of his absence.

It was scarcely possible to believe that the events of a few short hours could so change a fair young face as hers was changed since he saw it first, glancing in at Mrs. Jimpsey's door, in all its fresh young beauty.

The tidings he had brought her seemed to have frozen her into stone, and made her years older. The bright, soft eyes had lost all expression save one of mingled grief and horror, and the colorless features had hardened and become set in the same mould.

She wore a black dress, and a hat, veil and mantle of the same sable hue lay on the sofa beside her.

Mrs. Jimpsey had evidently devoted herself to arranging these articles for the bereaved girl's appearance. Her own garments, as usual, rivaled the colors of the rainbow, and were put on with even less than her ordinary regard for taste or order.

"Oh, Mr. Percy!" she cried, "I'm so glad you came, for the poor thing is nearly wild to go to her sister. I couldn't get her to lay down, nor swallow a morsel, though I've begged and pleaded with her."

"Can we not go at once?" interrupted Cerita, rising eagerly.

Arthur assented; he had engaged a close carriage as he came along, and already heard the wheels at the door; but, somehow, the sight of that young face turned to marble smote his heart so painfully that again he became a coward, and shrank with absolute dread from the scene that awaited them at the station.

"You fear that I will break down utterly when I see my dead sister," said Cerita, reading his face correctly. "I will not. I am stronger than you think. I can bear it, and I will!"

"Poor child! I would to God that I could share it, or help you in any way!" he said, passionately.

"You do help me," she returned, laying her hand on his for a moment. It was so deadly cold that he almost shuddered at the touch; but a gleam of grateful feeling broke the ice of her expression for a moment, as her eyes turned from him to Mrs. Jimpsey, and she added: "You both help me. I thank you more than I can tell!"

Mrs. Jimpsey's small orbs were almost lost in her tear-swollen face, and at Cerita's words they began to flow afresh.

"Lord knows I'd give every stitch of clothes I own, and more, too," cried the good soul, offering what she valued most, "if I could only take your trouble, or make it lighter for you, my poor girl!"

Cerita pressed her hand, but did not speak. Arthur gave her his arm and led her out to the carriage, the proprietress of Thalia Terrace locking the door and pocketing the key before she followed.

In the street Cerita seemed to shrink from the sunlight, and endeavor to hide herself in the corner of the coach, where she remained silent and motionless till they reached the station, and Arthur helped her to alight. He held her arm firmly within his own, and Mrs. Jimpsey walked on her other side.

She was very quiet and self-sustained until they entered the main hall; then she demanded, breathlessly:

"Where is she?"

She tried to loosen her arm from his, but he held her closely, and led her toward the closed door.

"Don't come with me. I must see her alone," she said.

He stood irresolute, not daring to disobey her, and yet dreading the effect of the ghastly sight that was covered by the sheet within that silent chamber.

While they stood there, Mr. Barker opened the door and motioned them to enter.

Cerita caught sight of the extended figure, stiffly defined beneath the white drapery, and, uttering a smothered cry of agony, rushed forward and flung herself upon it.

Arthur closed the door quickly. Such grief was too sacred for intrusion—too terrible to be checked in its first wild strength.

Mrs Jimpsey sank sobbing on a wooden bench near by.

"Oh, what an awful sight, Mr. Percy!" she cried. "What a heart-breaking sight! The blood has trickled down on the bare floor under the table, and there, like a wretched ghost, sits poor Lumley, keeping watch over the corpse."

Arthur had not seen the painter, but something in the man's face had told him that he would not desert the body as long as it remained above the ground.

After the first outburst of anguish, Cerita uttered no cry; and when the time came for her evidence before the coroner, she was wonderfully calm and self-possessed.

Arthur's statement described his hearing the deceased's call for help, and the sight he had caught of the escaping man, who had as yet eluded discovery and arrest. The utterance of his own name he still withheld, for so inexplicable did it seem to him, that he had begun to try and persuade himself that he had not heard it in reality—that it must have been the result of his own imagination.

Lumley corroborated the testimony, and then came Cerita. She stood up firmly and without assistance, and answered each question put to her in a very low but steady voice.

They were Spaniards, she and her sister, she believed, but she did not know the place of their birth, nor could she tell anything of their parentage. She had been educated in a school near Lyons, and did not know what her sister's profession was, until at the age of sixteen—three years previous to the present time—she was sent for at school, and went to Paris to meet Athene, who, with her, immediately left France. Since then they had been everywhere, remaining only a few months in one place, because, as she believed, her sister constantly dreaded being followed and discovered.

"By whom?"

She was somewhat slow to answer this question, and at length replied:

"By a man. I do not know his name, nor can I tell you who he is, though I firmly believe him to be my sister's murderer!"

She clenched her hands when she said this, and the flashing light woke in her eyes, the red blood flushed her cheek.

"He shall die for it!" she gasped. "I will find him if he be above the earth, and drag him to justice!"

She shook convulsively, and staggered as though she would fall. Mrs. Jimpsey flew to her aid, but she recovered herself, and finished as she had begun, with strange composure.

She could give no reason for this man's pursuit; her sister had given her none—had never once named him to her; but on the occasion of being questioned by her (Cerita) had shown a terrible repugnance to the subject, and refused to explain or pursue it, beyond adjuring her to avoid the wretch, to flee from his sight and reach, as to come within either would be certain death.

Had Madam Soubette expressed any recent terror on this subject?

No; Cerita believed she had begun to feel comparatively safe from pursuit. She was less watchful and more cheerful than formerly, and they had held their present position longer than any engagement they had ever procured.

That was all; and Mrs Jimpsey merely reiterated and indorsed it, adding that the dead lady's fears seemed more for her young sister than herself—that she loved the girl with an almost frenzied affection, and only appeared to live for her sake.

Then came the officers' statements, and finally the verdict—that Athene Soubette, aged thirty-six, Spanish by birth and an actress by profession, came to her death through stabbing, by the hands of an unknown man, on the night of October 29th, in the rear of —— Theatre, where she was professionally engaged.

"And now we can have the body and make it decent for burial, I hope, Mr. Percy," sobbed the good landlady. "I used to belong to the profession myself—I was in the ballet when Jimpsey first saw me—but I never was so shocked and turned all of a heap in my life as I was to see the poor thing lying there in all her bloody gauze and flowers. It seemed to make death all the more terrible."

Arthur undertook to arrange the funeral, and promised to see the body removed. Cerita heard him, and gave him a grateful look.

"But you will need money," she said, quietly. "There is some at home, that I will go and get for you."

"Let her; it will be something to set her mind on," said Mrs. Jimpsey, in a whisper.

Arthur acquiesced with a look, and led her and Cerita back to the waiting coach.

"Bring her home—bring her home soon!" said the girl, in an entreating tone. She looked toward the closed windows of the room where the body lay. "Felix will not leave her side until she is taken from that dreadful place. I must go back and prepare for her coming."

Mrs. Jimpsey glanced anxiously at Arthur, and shook her head.

"She is too calm," she whispered, "and she never shed a tear. It's a bad sign—a bad sign!"

Arthur felt so himself, but forbore to increase the good soul's fears. He took Cerita's hand. It was colder than ever, but her voice was steady and calm as she thanked him earnestly for all he had done for her.

The next few hours were busy ones with him, and full of a new and strange experience. He had an interview with an undertaker, arranged for the poor actress' funeral in every respect, and receiving a list of necessary articles from the lodging-house keeper, even purchased the mourning materials for Cerita.

It was very evident the poor child had been kept in complete ignorance of the value of money by her sister. She had found a small purse, containing a few dollars, which she delivered to Arthur's keeping, and was easily persuaded by him that it was quite sufficient for the expenses of the burial.

At nightfall, his task being ended for the time, he returned to the hotel and dined. Then he remembered Rachel, and finding that it was not yet eight o'clock, he took his way to Percy Square, to see if he had rightly interpreted her signal.

She was there waiting for him, and met him with some feeling. He had always been a favorite with her, since he came, a school-boy, to his cousin's house, and she reminded him of it, and begged him to forgive her rudeness that morning.

"Sharkey was by, you know, Mr. Arthur, and if he saw me express a feeling, or seem to notice anything, I would lose my hold on him," she said.

She spat on the ground as she named the man, and seemed filled with disgust at the thought of him.

"I only stay under the old roof that I may watch over the rights of others, Mr. Arthur," she continued. "He is a serpent, and he has no right to be there."

"How do you know that, Rachel? and whom do you mean by others?" demanded Arthur, with interest.

She looked inexpressibly deep and cunning.

"I may mean you for one," she said, pursing up her lips significantly; but, seeing Arthur turn away with a disappointed air, she added, quickly: "You're of his own flesh and blood, you know, and there may be others also."

This last she uttered reluctantly, but he caught at the words.

"I have thought so, too, and I believe it was in reference to them that he sent for me, Rachel," he said. "Cannot you discover some clue by which I can trace out this idea, Rachel? My cousin must have left some papers. Did Sharkey take possession of them all, and leave no scrap that referred to this subject?"

Rachel started at the question, and answered, with some haste and trepidation:

"I'm sure I don't know anything about it, Mr. Arthur. What does an ignorant creature like me know of papers—I, that can't read or write?"

"But Meg can do both, I'm sure."

"Yes, yes! But she's not to be trusted!" Rachel cried, eagerly. "If she were, it could be easily settled; but I daren't let her see—"

She stopped suddenly, and changed both countenance and color.

"What am I talking about?" she exclaimed, with a forced laugh. "Meg is the wildest kitten, all fun and frolic; but, bless you, there's no harm in Meg."

But what Arthur had come to meet the housekeeper for was to learn something of his cousin's last illness, about which he now began to question her.

It was very brief, and he was totally unconscious of the nearness of death until it was too late. He had been speaking of driving out for the air, only an hour before he expired, and Rachel, who stood beside him as the breath left his body, said she never saw a man try so hard to talk with his eyes, when he could no longer utter a sound.

"Then it is to remain a secret," thought Arthur, as he took leave of the housekeeper, after a prolonged conversation on this subject. "The business on which he summoned me from the other end of the world is to remain a secret. But Rachel either knows or guesses at the existence of some important papers, if I can only learn how to make her speak. I will see more of this, by-and-by. Poor Cerita claims me now."

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHADOW OF FATE.

Cerita, contrary to their fears, surprised Arthur and Mrs. Jimpsey by retaining her calmness, and displaying a woman's courage and a woman's judgment in everything.

When the former preceded the arrival of the body at Mrs. Jimpsey's apartments, he was astonished to find them arranged by her in perfect order, and dressed with some simple white flowers and ivy leaves, that actually transformed the slovenly place into an abode of taste and neatness.

She herself sat in a corner beside a lamp—for it was already evening—sewing busily and quietly on her own mourning.

"It just breaks my heart to look at her," Mrs. Jimpsey said. "A day has changed her from a gay child into a silent, suffering woman. Oh, Mr. Percy, if she would only cry and take on like other people do in trouble!"

Arthur himself wished the same. His interest in the beautiful girl had grown rapidly and almost unconsciously, until it grasped and held every fibre of his heart, and those great, tearless eyes, with their unutterable sorrow, filled him with dread. He drew his chair close beside her.

"I have something for you. May I give it to you now?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "Is it hers?"

He took one of the cold white hands that had dropped on her lap among the black stuff she was sewing, and held it tenderly.

"Madam Soubette died in my arms," he whispered, softly, "and I caught the last look of her eyes, the last sigh and word she uttered. It was your name, Cerita, and the tone told me something that I afterward learned beyond the possibility of doubt. Can you guess what it was?"

"No."

The word came hesitatingly and with a wavering tone, and her breath shortened into painful gasps.

"Is there no love dearer, fonder and more unselfish than a sister's?"

"None. I—I—do not know what you mean. Athenia's love was everything!" she gasped, convulsively, and the hand he held trembled violently.

He held it closer still, and drew yet nearer to her.

"It was a *mother's* love," he whispered. "See here. This lay on her dead breast. I took it for you to restore when none other should see or disturb it."

She caught the tiny packet from his hand. It was a baby's picture—her own face in infancy—and a long golden lock of hair was wound about the case, on which was engraved:

"MY DAUGHTER CERITA."

The struggling gasp burst into a wild, tumultuous sobbing as she read the words. She caught the trinket to her breast, and breaking away from his detaining hand, she fled into the chamber, closing the door behind her.

Mrs Jimpsey had been busy at the other end of the room, trying to wind a black ribbon in among the trimming of a bonnet, that looked like a small flower-garden.

"Thank heaven! she's crying at last," she said, devoutly; "for her head was too hot and her hands too cold to stand it long."

Arthur left it to Cerita to tell the cause of her tears, and with his attention closely fixed on the inner room and every sound occurring within, he proceeded to consult with Mrs Jimpsey concerning the funeral, that was to take place the day following.

Cerita did not return during the time he remained, though the coffin containing Madam Soubette's remains was presently brought home, and as he afterward heard from Mrs. Jimpsey, the poor girl sat beside it all night long.

He had arranged for the actress' last resting-place in a beautiful cemetery outside the city, and thither they bore her next day, Cerita and himself, Mrs. Jimpsey and the scene-painter, being the sole mourners on the occasion. The dead woman had kept herself sedulously and determinedly alone, never making friends in the profession, and Mrs. Jimpsey told Arthur that Cerita wished to carry out her tastes and views in everything to the very last.

No one saw the poor child give way on the day of the funeral. She was quiet—ominously so—and she walked without faltering to the grave, and saw the earth fall on the descending coffin.

Then, when it was all over, she gave one wild cry of "Mother! mother!" and breaking from their restraining hold, would have flung herself into the half-filled grave; but Arthur's arms were around her, and he bore her in his strong and tender grasp back to the carriage, where she lay unconscious on his breast until they reached Thalia Terrace.

Mrs. Jimpsey begged poor Lumley to stay with them for some warm supper. Her own grief, sincere as it was, needed sustenance, and she could not understand the humpback's morbid shrinking from either sight or sound, to nurse his misery alone.

But she had no time to waste in thinking about it, for Cerita demanded her every care and attention. The strain upon her heart and mind had been too great. Her strength was broken, and she lay, as it seemed, between life and death for hours.

Arthur summoned a physician, owing to whose skill sleep was at last induced, and he promised that a few days would see her restored to her usual health.

"You see it's a matter of necessity with her, poor dear!" said Mrs. Jimpsey, "or she will lose her engagement, and that's all she has to look to for bread."

"She's a professional, is she?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, sir! She belongs to the ballet at the —— Theatre."

"Ah!" said the doctor.

There was nothing in the monosyllable to a common listener, but it acted like magic on Arthur, for it opened his eyes to the state of his own heart.

Up to that moment he had attributed his interest in Cerita to pity, sympathy, and the result of the strange circumstances that drew them together, but now he knew that he loved her—that he resented the acknowledgment of her public life, and the doctor's careless comment on it—that he would devote his existence to her, and be blest if he knew that in return she would accept his heart, and he would strive to win her own.

He waited that night till he was sure she was resting quietly, and returned again next day to find her sitting up in her sewing-chair, busy at work, but this time it was on a many colored dress of gauze, covered with golden spangles, that she sewed.

The contrast to her marble-like face and mournful eyes of the brilliant material was most painful, to Arthur it was unendurable.

She rose when he entered, and tried to smile in welcome—a faint ghost of color lighted her face an instant.

"I am better, you see," she said, gently; "indeed I am quite well again, and preparing for my work once more."

She tried to hide the shudder that ran over her frame as she spoke these words, but Arthur saw it, and she went on.

"My good friend here will let me stay with her. I could not go up stairs again"—again came that shivering motion over her frame. "I am a little weak yet, but I will soon be strong," she explained.

"Let me take this," Arthur begged, gathering the gay stuff up, and thrusting it out of sight. "And now, Cerita, in the presence of this honest, warm-hearted woman, let me say to you what, months hence, if we had time to wait so long, I should prefer to say to you alone. I am like you, an orphan, with a fair competence, that I have made for myself through years of close attention and application to business. This very effort, in occupying my mind in a land of strangers, has kept the heart whole, and until I saw you I never thought on the momentous subject I am now endeavoring to present to you. My dear girl, do not let me shock you—do not turn from me. I know this is no time for love-making, but I entreat you to give me the right to protect, to care for you, to shield you from the world, to be your husband in name, your brother in thought, until my love shall win you to a new life of hope and peace, and you can freely give me the heart I dare not sue for yet!"

She raised her luminous eyes to meet his, and a soft, tender light broke through their solemn grief.

"You are good, you are noble," she murmured. "How can I deceive your love?"

"Rest in these arms, my own!" he cried, ardently; "trust them, my darling, for I swear I love you with my whole soul, even as your mother, who died here, would wish her child to be loved."

He whispered this close to her face, which had fallen with childish trust upon his bosom. She was sobbing quietly, but clinging to him with perfect trust.

"Where did her face lie?"

Her voice was so low he could scarcely hear the question.

"Where yours lies now, my love," he answered.

She passionately kissed the place.

"That's the postman's ring!" cried Mrs. Jimpsey, jumping up from the further end of the room. Her voice sounded thick with emotion, for she had been crying, but not from sorrow. The lovers had forgotten her.

"And I declare it's a letter for you, too," she continued; and, recalled to the fact of her presence, they resumed their seats, and Cerita turned aside to hide her blushing face. "See, 'Mam'lle Cerita Soubette, 9 Thalia Terrace. Care of Mrs. Jimpsey.'"

Cerita jumped up and caught it eagerly.

"For me!" she said. "I never had a letter, except from my—my mother, before."

She tore it open hastily, read it once, then again, and still once more. Standing motionless, and as if turned to stone, she continued to hold it before her and look at it, even when, by the expression of her face, it was evident that she no longer followed its contents.

Arthur observed her in pained surprise for a moment, then rose and came toward her.

At his first step, she uttered a wailing cry, and held up her hand to stay him, herself moving backward meantime quickly toward the lighted grate, into which she threw the letter, driving it down among the living coals, and guarding it with the poker till it was all consumed.

Then she stood up gasping for breath, and put her hand upon her heart, as her mother had done that night when Arthur had met her.

"What is it, Cerita? Who has dared to give you pain or alarm you, my own?" asked her lover, anxiously.

"No one—nothing. Do not ask me—I entreat you, do not!"

Arthur looked anxious and dismayed, but pressed his inquiries.

Cerita's face [illegible] and caught by the mantlepiece to support herself.

"Will you not speak to me?" Arthur implored.

"Give me three days—let this rest for that time. If I can ever tell you, I will tell you then," she replied.

And her voice, like her face, had changed to a hollow, hoarse murmur, that was painful to listen to.

(*Continued in Saturday Night, No. 18.*)

TRAGEDY OF A WOMAN'S LIFE.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A flat, even stretch of stubble-covered ground, on which the ceaseless rain fell, making tiny pools here and there, into which the descending drops plashed dismally—a rainy mist hanging, like a gray banner, over the sodden earth, and the dun sky seeming to touch the chimney-tops. Further away, a reach of sea-shore and gray-white waves, several sails visible between liftings of the damp mist—a wild, shrieking wind wailing over moorland and sea—and the small lonely house, comfortable and cozy enough within, but, oh, so unspeakably desolate to the woman who stood at the window, looking out with eyes that would have made the heart of a rock melt with pity, so awfully woful, and hopeless, and despairing were they!

She was not a beautiful woman by any means, although her features were good. The eyes were brown and large, with handsome lashes and brows; but there were dark purple circles under them, and a metallic lack-lustre that bore their own sad, mute witness of tears that had wept themselves out—that had

"Fled the eyes, to curdle round the heart."

The cheeks were thin and waxen pale; the mouth eloquent with anguish—a firm, good mouth, that never should smile again this side the Great Beyond—that trembled pitifully as she looked and looked, yet seeming to see nothing.

A half-hour—an hour she stood there, like some carved statue, save for the quivering of her mouth. Then, with no sound, no sob or sigh, she turned away, and went listlessly into the sitting-room of the snug little cottage.

There burned a bright, cheery fire on the hearth, and a small round table, draped with a crimson-and-black cloth, was standing in cozy proximity to an arm chair and a low hassock. There were books and a tiny bunch of flowers, a woman's handkerchief and a pair of tiny kid gloves, that had apparently been discarded upon sitting on.

She looked at them steadily for a moment; then her stony eyes went to the suggestingly intimate position of the big easy-chair and the low hassock—the hassock upon which Lillian Holcomb had sat, not two hours before; the chair in which Alex Emerson had sat, not two hours before, with his proud, happy glance resting on Lillian's fresh, fair beauty—such beauty as this desolate woman had possessed when, like Lillian, she was young and happy, and all of life lay in rosy vistas before her hopeful feet.

But now—now? With a heart-rending cry of utter, awful despair, Louise Holcomb threw herself on the floor, beside the chair Alex Emerson had occupied, her hot lips pressing frantic kisses on its unconscious cushions.

"My God—my God! And will I have to suffer like this forever? With this hell of agony at the very beginning, what will it be as the hours, and the days, and the weeks, and the years go on, and I all alone, all alone, in my misery? And she—*she* and *he* out in the happy world together—*together!*"

It was her first complaint since they had gone—Mr. Emerson and his bride, her own sister—two hours before, and the words came gaspingly from her lips to the empty air—a perfect wail of woe. And on her knees, her rigid form clinging to the chair, her head bowed in dumb suffering, Louise Holcomb passed that night.

The fire burned out, and a shivering chill took possession of the silent room. The wind rose and shrieked like wandering demons intent on mischief. The rain dashed in sheets against the windows, and the angry waves roared and lashed on the beach. Drear and desolation without, despair and woe within—the closing scenes of the tragedy of a woman's life.

* * * * * *

Fifteen years before, a woman lay dying, and a tiny waxen baby nestled on her bosom, and a sweet, fond, gentle-browed girl hovered weepingly at the bedside, listening to the last faint words whose echoes reverberated to the very shores of Eternity.

"Promise me you'll take my darling, Louise! You've been as good a child to me as an own mother could ask, and I know you will be so kind to my dear, dear baby! Promise me, Louise, before I die! Let me take the message to your father, who waits for me over yonder, that his daughter will be the mother to the babe he never saw!"

And two wild, shining eyes pleaded more passionately than even the death-stamped lips.

"She shall be mine, mother! I will do to her as I would ask another to do to mine, and God shall judge between us. Rest content, mother. Little Lillian shall be happy, if love and devotion can make her so."

Then the mother died, almost happily, and Louise Holcomb closed the sweet eyes, and kissed the beautiful lips of the wife of her own dead father, over whose grave no grass had yet sprung—over whose heart the coffin-lid had not been three months closed—and whom this second loving wife followed to the mystic shore so soon.

She kept her promise, this noble, womanly girl, and before her twenty-second birthday, took the fairy little step-sister—a babe, in long drapery—from out the dear old home, and made them another, smaller nest, where, hedged about with Alex Emerson's love, Louise was as happy and content as only such natures as hers could be.

She was very pretty, with a brave, frank face, alight with that sweet amiability and patience that is far better than beauty.

She had dark, soulful eyes—eyes that had conquered her lover's heart, and made him thrill with pleasure under their tender, truthful glare.

He was hardly what you would call a handsome young fellow—perhaps his matter-of-fact existence rendered him so; but certainly there was nothing to dislike in the clear eyes, the honest face (hardness as a woman's), the frank, joyous laugh of this young carpenter-lover, who was all the world to loyal, loving Louise—who tossed baby Lillian high in the air, and delighted in her cunning, infantile ways fully as much as did Louise.

The girl grew. At three years she was the very ideal her name suggested—polite, graceful as a flower, with floating masses of richest golden hair, and eyes as blue as the heart of a hyacinth petal; with a rosebud of a mouth, and a proudly imperial way of lording it over Louise and Alex.

It was then the first cloud in Louise Holcomb's life arose—the cloud no bigger than baby Lillian's tiny hand, but which was fated to grow, and grow, and grow until her whole life was to be engulfed in its shadow.

Alex had been devotion and attention itself all these three years of their engagement, and now—it was to come to an end.

He was going away—away from the routine of day's work and slow-coming though sure wages—away from home, friends, sweetheart—to the wonderful Western country, where gold was to be had for the turning over of the earth with a shovel, and fortunes were made in a day.

"You shall be a rich man's wife, my darling," he had said, enthusiastically, the night before he started, while Louise, with quiet, pale face, held her pet, sleeping, in her arms, and listened to her lover's glowing prophecies.

"We never could get along on what I make now, Louise, you know, and I can tell you my wife shall never work to help support her family. So, dear, you see it is best—indeed the only thing for me to do. You will be loyal and true while I am gone, Louise, I know, and wait for me at all hazards."

She smiled sadly.

"There is no danger of my ever caring for any one but you, Alex," she said, simply. "But *you* may change, dear."

"I? Louise, you know *that* to be a ridiculous impossibility. I shall come back, rolling in gold, and marry pretty Miss Holcomb."

Ah, that unconscious prophesy!

He went off, brave, confident, ready for anything; and Louise settled down to her quiet every-day life, with only Lillian to cheer her, and Alex's picture to kiss daily, her ring of betrothal to look at, and her lover's letters to read—prompt, punctual letters, full of love and hopefulness.

The months went on, and Lillian grew, and grew more beautiful every day; and Alex wrote and wrote, and told of his good fortune and his growing love for that far country; and Louise, happy and hopeful, and patient, and enduring, waited and trusted, and slowly, steadily earned by her skilled fingers the money to educate Lillian, and dress them both, and keep their humble home.

She saved a little, too, and often went to the tin box where she kept this little special fund, to cry glad tears over the shining gold and silver coins, because this was the money with which to buy her wedding clothes when Alex came home.

But the months grew to years—three, five, seven, ten—and every year was to be the last of Alex's absence in that country, where he had amassed such a fortune—a fortune for Louise to enjoy.

He had often written thus:

"It surely is worth waiting for, is it not, my patient love? If you only knew how I have yearned for a look from your eyes, and a kiss from those rare red lips, you would wonder how I have kept away so long."

Louise smiled, half sadly, half pleased, at that sweet assurance, and wondered if Alex had forgotten he would not find a fair, fresh girl when he came back, but, instead, a woman of nearly forty, who had struggled with the world until her lips had lost their "rare redness," and her hair grew scant, and her eyes had lost their sparkle. She was young at heart, though—young and loving as the day her lover had taken her in his arms and kissed her good-by.

But if she had grown older, so had Alex, she thought, and for Lillian's sake she was not sorry both she and Alex were not younger.

Two or three years more, and then there came a letter, perfectly jubilant, that created rapturous joy in that little household. It read:

"I am coming at last—at last, Louise! This is my last letter, and I will be with you almost as soon as you read this. I am a rich man, Louise—darling, true, 'patient Louise!' There is to be no more work nor toil for you, no more shabby dresses for our sister—nothing but comfort, and ease, and plenty for the dear little brown-eyed woman who has been my guiding-star all these long, busy years of exile. Get ready, dear; you must not keep me waiting when I come to claim my wife."

She had cried over that letter like a girl; and Lillian, with her dancing blue eyes and glorious hair, had wound her white arms around her neck and read the glad tidings with her.

"What a dear old fellow he is, Lou! I am half-crazy to see him; and yet I think I can tell nearly what he is, from his picture, you know, in the parlor."

Louise smiled through her tears.

"You must not expect a very handsome man, darling. Remember he is forty years old, and I dare say hard work has left its marks on him. But I never think of how he looks."

"Neither do I. Lou, let's go get dressed. You know the train from the West is in at seven, and we must expect him every night till he comes."

She fluttered away—a sunbeam of radiant beauty—and came down again in fifteen minutes in a blue merino dress, with lace at throat and wrists, and a pink bow in her flowing hair, to find Louise still sitting as she left her, in her homely dark dress and plainly arranged hair, with her eyes red with tears—happy tears though they were—and the precious letter clasped in her hands.

"You lazy old darling—not dressed yet! There, some one's at the door. I'll go! I know it's little Sally, with the milk."

She opened the door, not to little Sally, the milkman's daughter, but to a tall, heavily bearded gentleman, dressed in the most elegant attire, who doffed his seal-skin cap at the fair vision with all the grace of a courtier.

"Is Miss Louise Holcomb within?"

Lillian bowed, and opened the door wider.

"She is in. Walk this way, please!"

Then Louise rushed out, pallid as death.

"Alex! Oh, Al—"

She stopped short at sight of this handsome, stylish man, so different from the one who had bidden her good-by in that very hall.

He opened his arms instantly.

"Alex in truth, Louise—Louise, my dear Louise! You know my voice, if you were deceived by my formidable whiskers."

He clasped her to his heart and kissed her, then turned to Lillian:

"I am very well acquainted with you, Miss Lillian, although you do not remember me. May I hope you will begin our new acquaintance where it left off, when you were three years old?"

He suddenly reached over and kissed her, while the blushes flitted over her perfect face.

And Louise, like some dull, faded leaf between two brilliant flowers, knew she never had been so happy before.

The weeks and months went on, and Mr. Emerson prevailed on them to leave this dear old home and take a seaside cottage for the summer.

His horses and carriages were at their disposal, and he, a guest at the hotel near by, saw them daily, until—

It came about very gradually, and Louise was the last to perceive it. True, she had wondered at the extreme fluctuations of Lillian's spirits—one day recklessly brilliant, another quiet, sad. She had noticed, too, times of abstraction in Alex, alternating with fits of devotion that were so marked they might almost have passed for penance duty.

But, for all, her trusting, changeless heart knew nothing, until one fateful day her own ears heard, her own eyes saw, that which drowned all sweet sounds forever after, and banished light and smiles forever.

She had seen Alex and Lillian go out for a stroll on the sands, and one hour later she had started to join them. She had come to the very rock that had shielded them from her, nor knew they were there, until Alex's full, strong, passionate voice made her stop, petrified with dull horror.

"Lillian, my only darling, don't say you cannot love me! For God's sake, tell me I do not love you only to be mocked and refused! You know all—all the story of my life—how I have worked and waited, true as steel to my poor Louise, until I saw you, my love, my love!"

Then Lillian's voice, low, but thrilling with an undertone that made even that forlorn woman's heart throb:

"God knows how I have fought against it—for duty's sake, for principle's sake, for Louise's sake! Even now, I say I will never, *never* marry you, but Alex, Alex, I do love you so dearly!"

"My darling, then I swear nothing shall stand between us! My darling, my *only* love—my wife!"

Then Louise turned and went home, rushing wildly along, not knowing who saw her blanched face and throbbing eyes, locked her door, and fell prone to the floor, a heap of muscleless, nerveless, stricken humanity.

Not a sound, not a word, not a sob, only that dumb, dreadful endurance, that hour when it seemed to her that death and the grave were the greatest comforts she could ask, when all her long, patient years of waiting rose up in touching array, and pronounced by, with sad, pitiful smiles at the fruit they had brought her.

Then she heard them come in—Alex and Lillian. She shivered as she coupled their names. She heard them call her, and she got herself on her feet and went down somehow, trembling in every limb, with such an ashen pallor on her face, such a blueness on her lips, such a despairing horror in her eyes, that Lillian cried out at the sight:

"Louise, you are ill—terribly ill! What shall I do?"

She made no answer then, but faltered along to the easy-chair, and sat wearily down.

"I am not sick, Lillian, but I—I was down by the sea—while you and Alex were—talking."

She said it with some effort, looking first at Alex, with her piteous, woful eyes. Then Lillian flung herself at her feet, her convulsive sobs shaking her dainty frame.

"Louise, you will not hate me? I never—*never* will stand in your way! I will go away—I will—"

Louise laid her hand on the girl's lips.

"No, you shall do what I would have done—make Alex happy, and he will love you. Alex"—she stopped to lay her hand over her madly beating heart—"I promised her dying mother to do by her as I wished to be done by. I made God the judge between us. And now I will do the last service I can for her—give her to you!"

He sprang to his feet, and would have spoken.

"No," she said, gently. "I know what you will say, and I cannot hear it. No inducement could be offered to make me the wife of a man who did not love me—not even the bitter memory of the best years of my life, that have come to this." She drew a long, laborious breath, then spoke more feebly: "Whatever dreams I have had are over and done now—it is for you and Lillian to fulfill them. Take her, Alex, a gift from me—not grudgingly, only wonderingly, that God has called me to such sacrifice; but He knows best."

That was her renunciation. Then came the days of preparation for the marriage, when Louise superintended everything, and made Lillian take her little hoard of gold and silver to buy her wedding *trousseau*—money she had earned all those truthless years.

Then came the wedding—quiet, solemn, because of the presence of that white-faced, strong-willed woman, who had treasured her girlhood and had her later years spurned for a fresher, fairer face.

Almost on their knees, Alex and Lillian had besought Louise to go to their magnificent home with them; but she had decided instantly, turning almost fiercely upon Alex:

"How can you ask it? Is it not enough that I have drained my heart's blood to the last drop for you, that you ask me to go with you, where I will see her happiness, and hear your children call me 'auntie'—*me*, who hoped to be their mother?"

After that they went away—a dull, dreary afternoon, rainy and windy; and the last glimpse they had of her was her haunting face looking from the window, and the gray mist settling around the cottage—true type of the shadow that should brood within forevermore.

And early the next morning, when the storm had rolled away and the sun shone golden in the blue, the woman who came to do up the chores found her kneeling beside the chair where Alex Emerson had sat—cold, silent, beyond suffering forevermore! Gone to meet that Merciful God who should judge between her and Alex Emerson's bride!

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

—Table salt is served in China dissolved in water, it being used in a fluid state.

—The rage for fancy clocked, embroidered and striped hosiery, increases every day.

—In South America there is a prolific honey-bee which has not been furnished a sting.

—A Masonic congress, with delegates from all parts of the world, will be held in London in 1877.

—St. Louis is about to open a direct trade with Brazil by a line of steamers, which will also carry the United States mails at ocean rates of postage.

—Bad news for the birds. The California canary seed crop is almost a total failure, and prices have risen from four to twenty-five cents a pound.

—Twenty cigars per head are annually manufactured for every man, woman and child in the United States. Forty years ago two was about the average.

—Mr. Swinburne has a novel way of revenging himself on that most persistent class of bores, the autograph. He employs an amanuensis to write his autograph for him.

—The Cologne Gazette reaffirms the statement that the Crown Prince of Germany will visit the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and says the eighteen-gun corvette Elizabeth will convey him to America.

—Geologists have discovered that the ground of Southern Indiana, Kentucky and Tennessee, is slowly rising at the rate of about a foot every twenty-four years. It is supposed that there is a great mine beneath.

—A monument to Mr. Plimsoll is to be erected in Liverpool, England. The model is completed, and it represents him as in the act of delivering his famous protest. In the background is a rotten hulk of a condemned vessel, over and around which are hovering birds of ill-omen.

—The latest fashion for note-paper in Paris is a single page of letter twice the size usually used for writing notes, and the border is exactly like a pocket-handkerchief, having a broad band of color and small dots and devices beyond; the envelopes match, and the sheet is folded in a manner that recalls to mind the turn-down collar.

—A letter was published some time ago, signed Thomas Carlyle, in which he declined, in a rough manner, the degree of LL.D. conferred on him by Harvard. This letter turns out to be the production of a Chicago writer. It was printed in a Liverpool paper as a genuine production, and thence was copied generally by the American press.

—Near Chrisington, Ohio, lives a widow, and her daughter, aged twenty-nine, an intelligent and estimable girl, who own eighty acres of land, which they farm themselves. The daughter breaks up the ground, plants and tends the crop, drives the mowing-machine and the horse-rake, and with the mother's assistance, does the entire labor of the farm.

—A Paris journal states that a lady in Paris is introducing a new fashion with regard to furniture. She is having all her chairs, sofas, and even her carriages, stuffed with aromatic herbs, which fill the air with an agreeable but not too powerful perfume. The fashion is derived from the Eastern nations, and prevails extensively over a considerable part of Asia.

—A French machinist has discovered that, by keeping his turning tools constantly wetted with petroleum, he was able to cut metals and alloys with them, although when the tools were used without the oil, their edges were soon turned and dulled. The hardest steel can be turned easily if the tools be thus wet with a mixture of two parts of petroleum with one part of turpentine.

—Kossuth is living in comfort at Barraconne, a village between Turin and Rivoli, absorbed in the cultivation of fruit, flowers and vegetables, and keeping an eye on his collections of insects and minerals. Kossuth was seventy-three years old on the 19th of September. Twenty-four years ago, he came to this country, and received an ovation never before nor since accorded to any foreigner, save only Lafayette.

—An aeronaut in France lately proposed to take his child, a boy of eight years, with him on a balloon voyage. The child was placed first in the basket, while his father remained on the ground to make some final arrangements. The boy succeeded in severing the only rope that held the balloon down, and the apparatus, with its little passenger, sped swiftly out of sight. Nothing has since been seen or heard of the balloon and its occupant.

—Thomas Havlant, a wealthy French tradesman, has probably left the most remarkable will on record. Among a number of singular bequests was one instituting at the annual village *fête* a race with pigs, ridden by boys or men. The rider of the winning pig was to have a prize of $60, on condition that he wear mourning for the deceased during two years after the race. The municipality accepted the bequest, and the race was held according to the conditions.

—The Shah of Persia is a very expensive man to entertain as a guest. He never visits any one without expecting to receive presents. Not long since he was entertained for a whole day by Mirza Hussein Khan, at his house in Teheran. The Shah breakfasted there, and received many presents—twelve thousand pounds sterling in cash for himself, and jewels and one hundred cashmere shawls for his ladies. The entertainment cost Hussein Khan twenty thousand pounds sterling.

—The Oxford University Press has been engaged in the production of what the shop-clerk would call "novelties." These are a prayer-book and Bible in which the clasp of the binding in one case is combined with a chain to form a handle when the book is closed, and in the other to be suspended by the chain to a lady's belt. A natty prayer-book is now supposed to be one of the features of a fashionable Englishwoman's costume, dangling with her fan and parasol from her chatelaine.

—Brussels lace is famous throughout the world. It is manufactured chiefly in the city of Brussels, and is superior to every other quality made in Belgium or in foreign countries. The flax employed is the finest that can be procured, and costs from sixty to eighty dollars a pound. The spinning is performed in darkened rooms, with a beam of light only admitted upon the work through a small aperture. The patterns are all worked separately and stitched on. The peculiar qualities of this lace are its delicate firmness, elegance, and variety of design.

—The Strasburg papers bring some details of Captain Boyton's frush exploit, floating down the Rhine from Basle to Strasburg. He was greatly distressed by violent backcurrents, and said he found the river worse than the Mississippi, the Ohio, or the Missouri. He recounts that, hailing a boatman to know where he was, the man seeing in the water a queer, floating black mass, rowed away, crying, "The devil!" On arriving at Kehl, Captain Boyton was carried violently by the rapid current against the bridge of boats, and sank for a few seconds. He came out of the water much exhausted, having taken many more hours than he had calculated to perform the distance.

—About the middle of September, an Indian International fair attracted much attention at Muscogee, Indian Territory. The exhibitions were various, and some of them of a novel character. The first prize for ladies' equestrianship was contested by seven, and was awarded to Miss Mary Brower, a Cherokee. There were thirteen contestants for the second prize; but the chief interest was centred in the race for the third prize, which was ridden by three full-blooded Indian girls. They wore their native costumes, with bows and quivers slung over their shoulders. The Indian judges who had been selected declined to act when the riders were brought up to the stand to receive the award; and when other judges were substituted, they failed to decide on the first trial, and the contestants were required to exhibit for a third time, much to the delight of the spectators. The prize was finally awarded to Minnyeah the Cheyenne, the young wife of McKusker, the interpreter.

DAISY.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE

She stood a the unrifled gateway,
A fair young girl in her bridal array;
A bewitching thrill shook
Dimples, blush, and dishevelment
Like a sensitive rose-sapling,
Half between her degree-ship,
Half between her bridal day.
Tears were pale beside her lips.

She was slackening the last good-bath,
And her fingers were in the cross and clear
At the middle of a lace-bow
In the trying place of her waist,
All her darting senses unbent,
Like a bird's wings in the noon-tide,
Silent, and veiled, and rippled
In a surrend to her wishes!

Her eyes found out some witness
And the rest of her grace,
Like a flower that is growing alone,
And the fragrant half-blown rose-bud,
Just bursting her maiden life,
Fastened in her every bodice
With a sweet golden pin.

On the heights above the river
Where the sun was sinking down
With a lessening radiance
On the mosses, on the blood-red trees;
And the Lady Alice Brough,
Dressed with beauty, lies a real gold—
Stood in the midst of the bridal-train
Of the rose-colored sun.

Not by either hands and knees,
But the wealth of flower, that
Would I plaid the town singleness
Of the bridal-train, and the bridal-train
Of sun-beams of flower-forms,
With arms of waves and knees,
And unbraided and changed,

So I veil my warmin deep
And the summers vest and rose,
And the bridal-train of flowers
Is on robes in her room,
And the golden summers-ringing—
Masters of our rose-pearl—
Be the gilded rest of them
That I was summer my heart.

Nameless Nan!

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER,

AUTHOR OF "MERRIGART MANOR," "BELOW THE WITH-DRAWING TIDE," "THE MYSTERY OF MIDDLE RIVER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTS IN AN AUTO.

"The Almighty has a purpose in every life."

As Nameless Nan said these words she comforted her spoon with her little red bonnet, and set her head to one side, like a bird, to listen.

But there was no step on the stairs. She heard nothing, but the rustling of the rain in the leaves of the vines, the patter of the rain against the window, and the sighing of the wind in the tree. And then, as they took up running in the fire—

Nameless Nan was a little girl seven years old, with straight, yellow hair, cropped close to her head, who was making her face seem more pale than it really was.

Her mouth, if it did not indicate decision of character, at least indicated capacity to suffer and the whole effect, as she sat before the mirror, was of appeared sentient in the want of fashion in the dresses, the pleasing, half-timid, half-confident look in her eyes, and the plucked and pallid appearance of her face.

Her complexion, even then, was unusually pale, for like grenelle, her hands small and well-shaped.

Little Nan was not only nameless, but nameless. She had been found, when a baby, on the steps of a large building which stands at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh street, by Jack Worthington, a fellow-student of Dr. Ralph Worthington, the father of Jack, who, like a true gentleman, had picked up the poor little waif, after viewing the docks at old Pier No. 1, and had carried her home to his mother and sister.

Nan sat in front of a low, rickety stove which was filled with coal, and which was doing its best to force fishing by glow by the blue of the coal, which it was burning, as well as a small chair, and there seemed to be about as much warmth in the room as there was for her supper, was the bread was too thin and the butter too thick, and the tea was a little lukewarm of indigestion, which did no harm.

The meal was a most satisfactory, on that night of storm, to the little girl, as any she had ever had, and was the more enjoyable because she was in the Worthington's home and always.

Nan looked around at the walls and ceiling. She knew the cupboard—each, the door through which she had entered, the windows which—all to please her, for she had been there many times before.

To her little eyes, accustomed to Nan, was a very large room, as it was, in reality, but it was in danger of becoming larger last night, owing to the fact that the roof leaked in many places, and the rain poured out of the window.

Nan looked at the large heaps of rain which fell upon Jack's hair and handkerchief, and wondered why he had in a little while the tattoo from the window-sill, and why he had not taken off his coat and shaken the water from it, and why his mother had not called the sandwiches, and handing to the boy, and why—

Nan squatted on the landing, and peered and listened. She could hear Jack's voice, and that of his mother, but not a word that they were saying. In fact, I can shed an eight-inch of plank of experience between the two rooms and the hall.

But Jack and mother of the Heroine, at that moment, then he stood upon the landing, he found that he could hear what they were saying, and that they were talking concerning Nan.

"Did you think I was never coming?" asked Jack, as he laid his hand kindly on her head, patting the cuddled-up street from the room, Miss Ralph's room.

He squatted the smoke upon the mantelpiece, and sat upon a stool, swinging the water from his hat, and then he began to tell his mother and sister the amusing manner he had encountered that day, and how he had become the first looker-like Heroine of Nan.

She even followed the conversation of here, and began to—

"Jack, are what I've gone an' done?" he said. "I'm a dirty, bedraggled, good-for-nothing, as you say, and I, Nan?"

"Why, Nan, I'm up as a twinkling," Nan said, as she looked at him with her big, blue eyes. "You are just the best fellow!"

"Do think so?" laughed he. "Fly for me time, but I must of the same about herself—for I'm not a promise I've brought."

"Laugh, Jack, and tell me!" said Nan.

"Well, I'll tell you, if I must," said Jack, as he patted the head of the great baby, having been an unusual perker of his child, and brought up a little bundle which he had carried under his coat, and had pushed with the water.

She plunged it with both hands, but, on noticing, Jack's mother and sister, she drew back, as if afraid. Its eyes entirely changed that pain, and, looking at her, into one of charming tenderness.

"Why, Jack, what is it?" asked the latter, leaning over—looking.

"Or who can, then?" said he chuckled her under the chin.

"Is it a youngster, Jack?"

"A kitten, Nan."

"Oh, Jack!" Nan said must have been a—

"Better sit, Nan?"

"Never mind, Nan. The investment didn't 'bear' out, as I thought it would, but I'm glad I've got it, and I've kindled and clothed. What do you say for supper, Nan?"

"Oh, Jack!"

"Glad to hear it, Nan. A fellow don't like to have the same thing over and again the time."

Jack's mother and sister, in a similar way, for he had undressed and dried at a similar way, for he

Jack shared the saliest upon his knees, and Nan, with the kitten in her lap, sat opposite, and the kind found with a sort of devouring hunger, and then went sitting away, with the sleeve of his coat, the yellow baker's cloth clung to its nose and mouth.

Nan, who had wiped up the food and placed the dishes in the sink, now sat down upon the floor, and the kind found with a sort of devouring hunger, and then went sitting away, with the sleeve of his coat, the yellow baker's cloth clung to its nose and mouth.

Nan, who had wiped up the food and placed the dishes in the sink, now sat down upon the floor, and the kind found with a sort of devouring hunger, and then went sitting away, with the sleeve of his coat, the yellow baker's cloth clung to its nose and mouth.

Nan was hungry, but she forgot it in the satisfaction of knowing that she had, to some extent, superseded in stealing the inaugural her benefactor.

He was and then filled his fancy with wonderful sights—inspired her.

"Jack," she said, as she shoved [illegible] some of [illegible] more to [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] than she—

"Jack, are you sure you have had enough to eat?"

"Sure, Nan, sure as a gun. Why, I've had so much that I'm afraid I'll be sick. Don't you worry about me, Nan. I'm all right. Now, Nan, you tell me what you've been doing all day."

"Oh, Jack, I've had a glorious time!" said Nan, as she looked at him with her big, blue eyes. "I've been to the park, and I've been to the Museum, and I've been to the Aquarium, and I've been to the Zoo, and I've been to the Aquarium, and I've been to the Zoo, and I've been to the Aquarium, and I've been to the Zoo

Saturday Night.

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A SEQUEL TO "DAVY DARCY."

WAUWAUKO

The War Chief;

OR,

A Boy's Adventures in the South Seas!

BY CAPTAIN TOM,

AUTHOR OF "DAVY DARCY," "FOR THE FLAG," "GOLDEN CORNER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

"Oh, Gosh! look yander! Did I ha ever see my eyesight fibbing so completely?"

"Where? I don't see nothing," said the old sailor, remembering the free reading on the principles of the Spanish, and scoring himself over again for his unfortunate slip of the tongue in the first place. "Where is it, Davy? Point it out to me, for I must say that confined as I am to a confectionery, I'm very much afraid I'm also getting rusty in the use of my eyesight."

"Why, there, to the south'ard, Tom Darcy, right yonder! Can't you see the blessed canoes, and they're making for us?"

"Canoes! Why, you don't mean to say that there's natives in sight, Davy?"

"Sartain sure, Tom, and I'm not one to make a mistake in a matter like that, for I've had a deal of experience with 'em in my time, and I'm not likely to forget it in a hurry, I'm thinking."

"Then call all hands on deck at once, Davy, for we're going to be boarded, and that in a very short time, I'm thinking, by a lot of savages, if the report of the natives be true."

Among the three men who composed the crew of the schooner Sea Gull, there was a perfect understanding of the capabilities of each other's powers.

Davy Darcy, whose acquaintance with everything, and nature, from the ice-bound seas of the North, to the torrid zone, was by no means limited, knew to a nicety the capabilities of his shipmates, and the value of other services in the event of any sudden call for the same.

Tom Darcy, the old sailor, could be relied upon to the last drop of his blood, and Jack Bascomb, the boy, was willing to do anything that he was told to do, and do it well.

"Ay, ay, sir!" he replied to the master, quite readily, but after a moment's pause he added, in a tone of voice that showed his anxiety:

"But, sir, I'm sure I can't see no signs of 'em."

"Nor can I, my boy, but I can put us in trim. Here comes on, if we find we're drifting too much, we'll anchor, and then we'll be all right."

While this conversation, and a good deal more, where the young companion, still keeping right on with his work, was being carried on, the schooner was drifting slowly, for there was but little breeze, in the direction of the island.

The voyage from Liverpool up to this point had been a very pleasant one, and Davy was looking for something to come along which would add the finishing touch to it, and make it a memorable one, and he thought that the time had now arrived to hold directly in his path.

The schooner was a fine one, but, as there was being carried a large cargo of coal, the ship sank more than half of the hold, and in case there was not, as much room for the crew as they would have liked to, in the crew, it is certain

Davy was now within a hundred yards, and he could see that the natives, for the surrounding island was full of them, were in a perfect frenzy of excitement, and that they were paddling their canoes with all their might in the direction of the schooner.

"Why, they're going to be boarded!" he exclaimed, in a tone of voice that showed that he was not a little astonished at the sight.

"Of course they are, and you can see of 'em stand still after it got aboard."

"It must be something very wise."

"It must be something he was going very fast-footed indeed to catch me, I'm thinking," he said, "but I'm not going to run away from you, for I've had a good deal of experience with you, and I'm sure that you're not the one to desert me in the hour of danger, like many of my shipmates have done before."

"Are we to stand?" queried Davy Darcy, in a quiet tone.

"Don't follow me. The nobby is going to stay right where she is, and there's enough wild for Cap'n Fitzgerald and me to tackle."

"Don't be misguided!"

"You've got it right, my boy."

"Then I'm with you, sir. The long arm and the cutlass will be of service to us in the event of any of whom we have spoken, but denied for courage, and I'm sure that you will not find me wanting in that quality for confirmation.

Among the skins were numerous barracoon-armlets, and these Davy Darcy, who was a great admirer of curiosities, placed on his left arm, and then the whole outfit being added some of these grand old feathers, which were the property of the chief, Davy, like the true son of Kaygo, stuck them in the ruffled navy-blue in vain.

Davy Darcy was quick and consequently more than quick-sighted, and if he was wrong in the conclusion, to his own satisfaction, for the time being, he was very much given to making it.

The two had passed the meridian, and he regarded the sun, which was now in the west, and was gliding the horizon, with such distance as to cause which placed four portions of the earth's to each other, and which, in the course of a few hours, to spring back and forth over the great expanse of the deep.

Davy knew it was noted that the water-an unusually darker tint than common signified the shallowness of the water, and that the sea was advancing, and that it was receding.

The night was a perfectly impressive, especially to beautiful that the crew had been carrying on and the boy Jack Bascomb was asleep below, and Davy, his young friend, felt less alone than he had been for a long time, and he was grateful for that.

Davy Darcy and the old sailor, Captain Fitzgerald, who had completed the crew, for they were and more than he was to serve with the latter, and the boy Jack Bascomb, were all sleeping soundly, when the second mate, Davy Darcy, was awakened by a shout from the lookout, and sprang to his feet.

"Here he was, sir," said Jack Bascomb, in a low voice, of the chief officer, as he placed himself upon his feet.

"Where is the report of it," replied the latter, looking sharply at the mate, "and what's the matter, I'd like to know?"

"Why, Jack says he's going to be boarded."

"And I say replied the master, quite testily, but after a moment's reflection he added, in a much milder tone:

"But, sir, I'm sure I can't see no signs of 'em."

"Nor can I, my boy, but I can put us in trim. Here comes on, if we find we're drifting too much, we'll anchor, and then we'll be all right."

While this conversation, and a good deal more, where the young companion, still keeping right on with his work, was being carried on, the vessel drifted, and the crew, as it was, was not as strong as it should be, in the event of any sudden call for the same.

Among the three men who composed the crew of the schooner Sea Gull, there was a perfect understanding of the capabilities of each other's powers.

Davy Darcy, whose acquaintance with everything, and nature, from the ice-bound seas of the North, to the torrid zone, was by no means limited, knew to a nicety the capabilities of his shipmates, and the value of other services in the event of any sudden call for the same.

Tom Darcy, the old sailor, could be relied upon to the last drop of his blood, and Jack Bascomb, the boy, was willing to do anything that he was told to do, and do it well.

"Ay, ay, sir!" he replied to the master, quite readily, but after a moment's pause he added, in a tone of voice that showed that he was not a little astonished at the sight.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

tainty as to feel there would be a degree of relief in action of some kind; besides which, it was now so dark that, if all the savages were within doors, she might steal up close to the dwelling without being discovered.

Trembling with hope and fear, she crawled out from the hollow tree, slid down to the ground, and glided forward through the darkness, with watchful eyes and listening ears, as stealthily as a cat and as silently as a ghost.

In this manner she reached one of the open windows without being discovered, and cautiously looked into the dwelling.

The sight she beheld curdled her blood.

Seven hideously-painted Indians were lounging about in various attitudes, while her brother, pale and crying, was handing them food, receiving in return little blows and kicks. Her father lay a corpse upon the bed, a bloody and ghastly sight, while on the floor were the dead bodies of mother and sister, both scalped, and one thrown upon the other.

Edna Malvern did not faint, but what immediately followed she never knew.

Her first recollection, after seeing that terrible sight, was of finding herself in the depths of a dark wood, pushing her way through the undergrowth, and feeling a strange sensation in her head of past pain and suffering, and as if she were being urged forward to do something which had slipped from her memory.

For a time, she was completely bewildered, and remembered nothing of the terrible scene she had so recently witnessed; and then it came to her with a shock that caused her to cry out and sink down in grief and despair.

Then she remembered she had seen her brother alive, and felt that, if his life were to be preserved, she ought to live, if only for his sake.

With this she rose to her feet, and tried to ascertain where she was and how she came there, but could not do either.

The night was dark, and she was among the undergrowth of a heavy wood, and might be near to, or might be far from, what had so lately been her happy home.

There was nothing better to do than to push through the wood to some clearing, or some elevation, and she began to struggle forward.

In a few minutes she caught the glimmer of a light, and hastened toward it.

She thought it was not far from her when she first discovered it, but found it was quite distant.

As she drew near to the light, she saw it was a fire, kindled in the door-yard of a family who lived two miles from her own, and then she knew she had wandered a good deal.

She was hastening forward to relate the terrible events of the night, and cast herself upon the sympathy and protection of the family, when she was suddenly startled by hearing the peculiar laugh of an Indian.

At once the truth flashed upon her. This fire had not been kindled by the family, but by savages, and perhaps other murders had been perpetrated here!

Less eager and more cautious in her advance, Edna Malvern soon reached the edge of the clearing, where she could see the dwelling and all before her quite distinctly; and there she paused, with beating heart and bated breath, to look upon a scene that fascinated her with its horror.

CHAPTER II.

FINDING A COMPANION.

The fire—composed of sticks and logs, placed endways around a circle, so as to leave an open space of four feet in diameter in the centre—was directly in front of the dwelling, and just as Edna reached the spot we have mentioned, five painted and almost naked savages issued from the open door, and, with a low, wild chant, began to dance around the flame in a grotesque and fantastic manner. Then came another Indian, beating a kind of drum (made by stretching a skin over a gourd), and was followed in turn by four others, each of whom held the end of a rope which was fastened to the neck of a fifth person, who was painted black, and who had in his mouth a gag that effectually prevented him from making an outcry.

Though Edna, from her place of concealment, could not recognize the blackened features of the fifth person, she believed, from his size and general appearance, that he was a white man, the son of the settler who owned the dwelling, and she shuddered at the idea that he was about to be tortured to death.

Fascinated, as we have said, with the horror of the scene, she stood, and stared, and gasped for breath, and could not for the time withdraw her eyes from the awful spectacle.

By pulling the four ropes different ways, the poor prisoner was kept upon his feet, though nearly strangled; and by this means he was brought up to the fire, and compelled to enter the centre of the burning circle, where the touch of the flames made him jump and writhe, and display such physical tortures as only fiendish souls could view without pity.

It was now that Edna managed to break the spell of horrible enchantment; and thinking of her own poor brother, whom she had last seen in the hands of such fiendish beings, she turned and fled in the direction of what had so lately been her happy home.

She had not gone far, when she heard wild shrieks of pain, followed by savage yells of delight, which so unnerved her that she stopped, sat down, and fell to weeping.

After a few minutes, she got up and hurried on. In the direct route to her own dwelling were two other dwellings of her neighbors.

As she drew near one of these, she heard Indian voices; and then the terrible truth flashed upon her, that a large body of savages had divided themselves into small parties and simultaneously attacked all the settlers in that region.

This was a most fearful state of affairs, and left her without a friend on whom to call for shelter and protection.

"Oh, my God, where shall I go? what shall I do? what will become of me?" she groaned, wringing her hands in despair.

There is in all living creatures, without regard to any condition of suffering, an instinct for self-preservation, which urges them to cling to life to the last; and though poor Edna was now in a state of mind to envy those who were already at rest in death, she still felt that she must struggle on, and by every means in her power avoid the fate which had befallen them; and therefore, instead of approaching any nearer to the dwelling before her, she turned off into a thicker wood, and hurried forward by a roundabout course.

It was while in the act of pushing her way through some bushes, with her whole nervous system wrought up to a degree but little short of delirium that she heard a pitiful moan, and involuntarily uttered a wild, startled cry, which was almost a shriek.

Then she stopped suddenly, and shook with nervous fear.

All was now still around her. Was it really a sound she had heard? or only a freak of fancy?

Certainly it could not have been a savage, for the sound was like one in distress: but then it might have proceeded from some wild beast, and this idea was frightful in the extreme.

For more than a minute, Edna Malvern stood trembling and listening, and then the suspense became so painful that she felt she must break it at any cost.

"Is there any person here?" she ventured to ask, her flesh fairly creeping with fear.

"Oh! oh!—oh, dear!" sobbed a childish voice.

"Speak out and tell me who you are, and don't be afraid," said Edna, with a feeling of great relief, now satisfied that she was addressing some neighbor's child, who had like herself escaped from the murdering Indians, and fled into the thick wood.

"I'm—I'm Mary Martin," was the sobbing reply.

"Is it indeed you, Mary, poor child?" returned the other, in a gentle, compassionate tone. "Where are you, Mary? Let me find you. Can you not come to me? You know Edna Malvern, Mary, and I am Edna."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sobbed the other; "I'm so frightened—I'm so glad it's you! I've seen such awful Indians, that have killed my dear papa and mamma, and brother George, and would have killed me, too, only I hid and got away from them, and ran out into this dark, awful wood!"

The two speakers were only a few yards apart, and soon managed to get together, when the poor little girl clasped Edna convulsively, and cried and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Even this meeting, under all its painful circumstances, was a relief to Edna—for she had found one being to whom she would speak and unburden her aching heart; and though her companion was a child of only eight or ten years, who could afford no protection, but would need it, still it was a human being, and in her awful situation she was not all alone.

"There, my dear little Mary, you must not go on so, or the wicked Indians may hear and find us!" said Edna, in a kind, soothing tone, as she pressed the little girl to her heart, and only by a great effort suppressed her own tears and cries of anguish.

The child was not slow to comprehend the danger of being heard and discovered; but her heart was so full of agonizing grief that she could not check it, only the sounds of it, and this only by burying her face in the folds of Edna's dress, and permitting her whole frame to tremble and shake with choking emotions.

When at last she grew calmer, Edna, in a low, tremulous voice, told her of her own great sorrows and the terrible things she had seen.

"I fear, Mary," she said, in conclusion, "that we are the only white persons who have escaped being murdered to-night—for though my brother James was living when I last saw him, I dare not hope that he will be living when I return."

"Oh, what will become of me, dear Miss Edna?" asked the child, in alarm.

"The Lord only knows, Mary, what will become of either of us!" groaned the elder girl; "but certainly we must not part while we can remain together. We are both orphans now, and must be sisters to each other."

"Oh, I'll love you so, Miss Edna, if you'll only keep me with you, and take care of me!" cried Mary, with her arms folded convulsively about the neck of her elder companion.

"You shall love me, poor child, and I will love you, and do my best to save you, though I scarcely know any more than yourself about where to go or what to do," returned Edna. "But let us both pray, Mary—pray all the time—that our Father in heaven will lead us aright, preserve us from the cruel Indians, deliver us from dangers, and bless us in the end!"

"Oh, indeed I'll pray all the time!" returned the child.

"And God will hear the innocent!" said Edna. "Here, take my hand, and let us go forward."

They now set off together, to pick their way through the dark wood in the direction of Edna's home.

When they came where they could see the dwelling, all appeared dark, and they could hear no sounds to indicate that the murderous savages were still there.

Edna, however, was afraid to venture up to the house, as she had twice done that evening, but thought it best to return to the hollow tree, and, with her young companion, pass the remainder of the terrible night within the recess.

"The Indians may have gone away," she whispered to little Mary; "but for fear they have not, we must be very cautious and not make the least noise."

They stole up to the old tree, listening and trembling, and were both so nervously excited that the least rustling of the bushes, or the breaking of a twig, or the snapping of a stick, made them start, and catch their breath, and fancy their cruel foes were upon them.

Edna carefully assisted Mary to get into the hollow, and then followed her, breathing freer when she found herself in this place of concealment and comparative safety.

There was room enough for both to sit down in the hollow, or partially recline; and locking themselves in each other's arms, they gave way to bitter reflections, painful grief and silent tears.

They had been there only a few minutes, when both were startled by the distant howling of some wolves, which it might be had already got the scent of blood.

"Oh, dear, dear! If they should find us, and eat us up!" cried little Mary, clinging convulsively to her companion.

"Hush, darling!" whispered Edna, who was almost as much frightened as the child, but who felt it her duty to assume the superiority of a protector. "The wolves will not find us if you keep quiet, and will not dare to attack us in here. Remember I am here to guard you, Mary, and I will keep the beasts away."

"Will they be afraid of you, Miss Edna?" questioned the child.

"Of course they will, Mary."

"They wouldn't be afraid of a little girl like me, I know."

"Well, they will not come here, you will find. Oh, how thankful we should be that we are not out in the open wood, as we were a little while ago!"

"Oh, dear, yes!" shuddered the child. "Maybe God heard us pray," she added, "and kept the awful wolves back until we got in here!"

"He always hears the prayers of innocent children, and so I know He must have heard yours, Mary," replied Edna, as she clasped the little trembler to her breast.

The howling wolves gradually drew nearer, till Edna knew they were in the immediate vicinity; and then, for some reason, they turned off in another direction, and to the great relief of the frightened listeners were soon heard at a distance.

Half reclining in the hollow tree, with little Mary clasped in her arms, poor Edna gave herself up to such reflections and fears as gradually brought on a stupor akin to sleep.

In this manner the later hours of that dreadful night passed away, unnoted by her, till the first gleam of light began to appear in the east.

Then she was aroused by sounds more terrible than those of the howling wolves, and saw the heavens red with the light of angry flames.

CHAPTER III.

THE HELPLESS MOURNERS.

It was not a chance attack that the settlers throughout the region where our story opens suffered from that night. The Indians had come down in a body for the express purpose of destroying all whom they might find living outside the protection of the forts; and that no alarm might be given, and none of the whites escape, they had divided themselves into small parties, of from six to ten, and arranged to attack the different families simultaneously, with the further understanding that no buildings should be fired through the night, but that this work of destruction should begin at the hour of dawn on the following day.

In accordance with this plan, the party who had slaughtered the Malverns had remained at the dwelling over night, and, with the first blush of light, had not only fired that building, but also the barn and granary, and then given vent to their feelings of triumph in a series of wild, discordant whoops and yells, which had awakened Edna and her companion.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what is it?" cried little Mary, as she roused up, at the same moment with her older companion, and perceived the glowing red of the heavens.

"Hush! child—hush!" whispered Edna, in terror, covering the mouth of the other with her hand. "The Indians are all about us; and if they hear you, they will find and kill us! If you want to live and escape, you must not make any noise!"

Fortunately the exclamation of the child had not been heard by the savages; and as she now kept perfectly still, the two fugitives remained undiscovered in their place of concealment.

With great caution Edna now ventured to look out through the opening, and beheld a sight which filled her soul with horror.

The barn was all in flames, which were shooting up with a heavy roar—the granary was burning, but less fiercely—and tongues of fire were beginning to dart from the door and windows of the dwelling.

The Indians were assembled in front of the dwelling, and had the brother of Edna among them.

There was quite a pile of things, which had been thrown out from the house, and these they all now hastened to remove to a safe distance from the fire, and then began to pack them up in bundles.

While this was being done by five of the party, Edna saw the two other Indians start off with her brother, and all three disappear behind a knoll, and then she shuddered at the thought that they had taken him away to murder him.

More than a quarter of an hour elapsed before the Indians came back.

They brought the three horses which belonged on the farm.

Edna saw that her brother James was still with them, and began to hope that his life was to be preserved.

True, he would probably be carried off as a prisoner and held in captivity, which was a painful thing to contemplate; but then he might escape, as others had done, and in her awful loneliness it was a great deal to feel that he was still living and had not been subjected to cruel tortures.

The savages now hastily loaded the beasts with their plunder; and then, uttering a few triumphant whoops, they set off down the valley, and soon disappeared, leaving the burning buildings to consume as they might.

It was an agonizing sight for the poor girl to see her home thus reduced to ashes, and to know that the humble house which had sheltered her for years, and in which she had seen many happy days, was now being made the funeral pyre of a beloved father, mother and sister; and, faint and sick under the contemplation, she sunk down, in utter loneliness and despair, and cried aloud:

"Oh, Lord God, give me strength to bear the burden of this terrible calamity!"

In the depths of her distress and misery, she felt two little arms entwined around her neck, felt a loving kiss pressed upon her quivering lips, and heard a sweet voice softly murmur:

"Oh, dear Miss Edna, don't you give up now and die, and leave me all alone, and I will pray to God all I can for you!"

"Poor, dear, darling child!" cried Edna, passionately folding the little girl to her heart; "you are all that is left to me now, and for your sake I will try to live and grow strong, that I may save you, who, like myself, have lost all other friends! Surely it is by the good Providence of our Heavenly Father that we have been thus wonderfully preserved and brought together, to be some consolation to each other in this hour of terrible doom and woe!"

Though the grief of Edna was crushing in its nature, she rallied from it by the aid of the feeling that a great responsibility was resting upon her—the responsibility of preserving another life than her own. Providence had thrown upon her hands a helpless human being, and she felt she had a duty to perform aside from all considerations of self.

It had now become so light that, without the aid of the fire, she could see off in every direction; and on standing up again, and looking through the opening in the tree, she perceived the shooting flames of other burning buildings, one of which was the late home of little Mary.

What was to be done? What should she do?

It was plainly evident that the Indians were abroad, in scattered parties, throughout all that region; and if she were to venture forth, to pick her tedious way through the forest toward the nearest fort, she would run a fearful risk of being captured and killed at once, or, what was quite as painful to contemplate, held a prisoner and slave for life among barbarians.

She drew back out of sight, and, not knowing better what to do, laid all the facts before her little companion, without expressing any opinion of her own, and asked her advice.

"You ought to know better'n me, Miss Edna," replied the little girl, who was very intelligent for her years; "but it seems to me that we'd better stay in here all day long, and all another night, and that'll give the wicked Indians time to get away."

"That is what I think, too, Mary—that is, I mean I don't know that we can do any better—but we have nothing to eat here, and by to-morrow morning we shall be very hungry and faint."

"Oh, I'd rather starve to death, Miss Edna, than have the cruel Indians catch me!"

"You must not call me Miss Edna, dear Mary—not now—for we are too much on an equality in our affliction to justify any such distinction. We are all that are left of our families, and from this time forth we must be friends and sisters."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" returned Mary, with a fresh burst of tears; "it's very, very dreadful to think we're all that are left! I don't know but it's wicked to feel so, but I'm almost sorry that I didn't get killed along with the others."

"Perhaps we have been spared for some good purpose, my poor, dear child!" rejoined Edna, in a low, quavering tone, as she pressed the little girl to her heart and fondly kissed her; "at least it is our duty to try to think so and act accordingly, that our good Father in heaven may not be displeased with us. We cannot know what are His designs, but only that He is just and pure, and good and merciful, and does all things for the best. If it had been His holy will that our beloved friends should not have fallen victims to the murdering savages, they would have been spared and now be living; and that we have thus far been preserved from their awful fate, would seem to show that we are still needed here on earth, and we should strive to do our duty and be resigned to our affliction."

The words that Edna Malvern used to assuage the grief of little Mary Martin reacted upon herself, and brought a kind of religious peace to her troubled soul; not that she mourned the less the loss of those so dear to her, but that she felt herself more sensibly and directly in the care of Him whose will should be done on earth as in heaven.

She now fully decided to remain in her place of concealment through the day, and did so remain; though the hours passed painfully and slowly, and brought with them an aching weariness, hunger and thirst.

The bright sun of that sorrowful day was far on its western decline, as Edna, with a face of grief and an almost bursting heart, for more than the twentieth time stood looking out upon the smoking ruins of her late home, and thinking of the dear ones who had been so ruthlessly murdered, whose spirits had been so suddenly dispatched to the eternal world, and whose crumbling bones, all that now remained of them on earth, were resting almost within her reach, but where she would never behold them again.

"We must have food or starve," she murmured; "but how and where can it be obtained, since everything is burned?"

At that moment a single cow appeared in sight, coming up over a swell of ground, looking around her somewhat wildly, and lowing as if frightened at the changed aspect of affairs.

Ah! there at least was milk for her, if she could only get to the animal and find any vessel to hold it in.

She thought of the pails she had left between the barn and the house the night before, and was wondering if they had escaped the general destruction, when several sharp reports of fire arms filled her heart with fresh terrors, and she saw the poor beast start, plunge, and come headlong to the earth.

If there had been even for a moment any doubt in her mind as to whether friends or foes had shot the animal, it was now dispelled by the triumphant whoops of savages who quickly came into view.

CHAPTER IV.

INTO THE WILD FOREST.

Acting from a first startling impression that those whom she could see so plainly might in turn see her, Edna Malvern at once dropped down by the side of her companion and clasped her to her breast, as if the act could shield her from the threatened danger. All color had forsaken her face, so that even her lips were white; she trembled in every limb, and every respiration was a gasp.

The child had heard the firing and the whooping, and now, by the frightenedness of her elder companion, was led to believe that their retreat had been discovered by the Indians, whose hideous faces she every moment expected to appear at the aperture above.

"Oh, Edna, dear, we can't be saved now, can we?" she chokingly asked.

"Hush, darling—perhaps so," was the whispered reply, as Edna began to consider the situation. "I do not think the Indians saw me, Mary," she pursued, after a momentary reflection, "and they may not discover us here, if we keep perfectly still, any more than the others did."

"I thought they saw you and shot at you," shuddered the little girl.

"No, Mary, I don't think they saw me, but I was afraid they might see me," returned Edna, who then hurriedly proceeded to explain what had happened. "When I first saw the poor cow," she continued, "I felt as if kind Providence had sent her to relieve our hunger; but now that hope is all over."

"I don't want to eat—I'm not a bit hungry," returned the child. "All I want is to keep out of sight of the bad Indians, and get away to some place where we'll be safe."

"It almost looks as if we were not to do so, though we will still hope on," said Edna. "I did think the Indians would all go away to-day; but it seems they have not, or else another party has come in their place. Let me see what they are doing now, and how many there are of them."

"Oh, Edna," cried Mary, clinging wildly to her companion as she made an effort to rise, "don't look, or maybe they'll see you and come here!"

"No, my little dear, I will be very cautious," returned Edna, who by this time had reflected sufficiently to feel assured that there would be little or no danger of her being discovered under the circumstances. "I am sure now, Mary, I was more frightened than I need to have been."

This was true—for the tree, whose top and branches were scorched, was nearly two hundred yards from where the Indians were, and stood in the edge of a wood, a little back from the clearing, with other trees and branches so concealing it, especially the opening in it, that only the keenest of eyes, looking into the shadow from the sunlight, and directly at the object for a time, could have detected anything of the size of a human face.

As soon therefore as Edna had quieted in some degree the apprehensions of little Mary, she slowly and cautiously raised her face to the opening and peered out at her foes.

There were not less than twenty now in sight, fierce and formidable warriors, a part of them at work upon the slaughtered animal, and others gathering materials and starting a fire, and the others lounging about and looking idly on.

Soon after this all gathered themselves about the fire, toasted and ate their meat, chatted and laughed, and finished the day by smoking their pipes.

They did not go away that night, as Edna had hoped they would, but strolled around a little while, looking at the ruins, and then camped down near the fire, which, notwithstanding that the weather was warm, they kept burning till morning.

Edna and Mary slept some, in spite of their precarious situation; but they often awoke with nervous starts, and clung to each other with trembling hands. More than once they heard the howling of wolves and shuddered, though they really feared the savage beasts less than the savage men.

Morning came at last; and, with the first flush of day, the warriors started up, uttered some peculiar whoops, and proceeded to cook their second meal; after which they smoked their pipes and prepared to resume their journey.

In leaving the place, they came around the edge of the wood, within a few feet of the tree where the trembling girls were concealed; and one of them, observing the opening, fired his rifle into it in mere sport, the ball burying itself in the inner side of the cavity.

Fortunately for our friends, the savage jumped up and uttered a wild yell the instant he discharged his gun, and the sound of it in a voice drowned the low, startled cries of the two girls, who thought themselves discovered, and that silence would no longer avail them.

It is a matter for wonder that the warrior himself, or some of his companions, did not examine the hollow, to see if anything was in it; but probably they were all in a hurry, and they certainly went off at a very fast pace.

It was more than an hour after all had become still around her before poor Edna even ventured to hope that the Indians had gone and left her, so certain did she feel that her hiding-place was at least suspected of containing some human being.

At last she heard the peculiar, plaintive sound that is made by a young fowl when lonely and frightened; and as it seemed to be moving about and kept an even, plaintive tone, she was led to judge that no stranger was in sight.

Further reflection convinced her that the Indians had departed—for why would they remain and watch for the appearance of any person from any place, when they could so easily satisfy themselves whether their suspicion was right or wrong?

"Dear Mary," she whispered to the child in her arms, "I begin to believe that the Indians have gone away without finding us. How much we ought to thank God that they did not hear us, or suspect that any one was concealed in here!"

"Oh, Edna, have they really gone for good?" queried Mary, rousing up with a brightened face.

"I hope and pray so, darling! Let me look out again."

"Oh, Edna!"

"Don't be alarmed, little sweet! I'm quite sure there are no Indians here now, whether they are coming back or not. Do you keep perfectly still, and I will be very careful."

With this Edna cautiously raised her pale face to the opening, and carefully surveyed the scene before her.

The sun was now up and shining its bright rays down the valley; the running waters were here and there flashing like silver, while some birds were singing blithely, and flitting from tree to tree, as if no mournful scene of death and desolation was around them.

Edna now experienced a painful sense of hunger and thirst; and looking at the last night's camp of the savages, she saw that some embers of their fire were still burning and smoking, and that a couple of hogs were busily engaged in tearing and devouring what still remained of the slaughtered cow.

"It is our only chance for food," she thought; and instantly resolved to take the risk of going to secure, if possible, at least enough for a single meal.

She hurriedly explained her design to little Mary, and asked her whether she would remain or accompany her.

"Oh, dear!" replied the child; "I'm afraid to stay here all alone by myself, and so I'll go, too. Oh, if the awful Indians should come back, what will we do?"

"We must take our chances, dear child, and pray to the Lord to watch over and keep us from evil!" replied Edna, in a hurried, agitated manner. "We cannot remain here and live, my darling; we must escape some time, or die; and it may be this is as good a time as any to get away. Come! quick now, Mary! or the hungry animals will not leave us enough for a meal!"

She at once lifted the little girl up and assisted her out, and then quickly followed her.

Both got down to the ground in tremulous fear, and looked all around them in apprehensive dread.

Seeing nothing to give them new fright, Edna nervously seized the nervous hand of her little companion, and both ran with all their speed to the devouring beasts, which they quickly scared away from their spoil, and found there was still enough left for themselves.

Seizing some pieces of the torn and soiled meat, with no fastidious regard for their size, shape or appearance, Edna placed them on some of the hottest coals, and nervously waited till they were sufficiently cooked to enable herself and companion to devour them without too much repugnance, glancing all around her the while in a hurried, startled manner.

As soon as the two had sufficiently appeased their ravenous hunger, Edna gathered up the remainder of what she had browned on the coals, to take with her on her journey, and then both she and Mary hastened down to the stream and quenched their thirst.

"There, I do feel a great deal better and stronger now!" said Mary; "but, oh, dear! I'm so scared all the time for fear the Indians will catch us!"

"May God preserve us from them!" ejaculated Edna. "Come, darling, we can cross here where the water is shallow, and on the other side we shall have the shelter of a thick wood to walk in."

"You're not a-going back to the tree then any more?"

"No, we must go on now and trust to Providence. We could not remain long in the tree; and, as we would have to leave soon, I think it is better to try our chances for escape now."

"And do you know where to go to, Edna?"

"I shall try to reach Fort Chambers, which I hope has not been destroyed."

"Do you know the way to it?"

"Not very well; but I know the direction, and I hope I can find it. The worst of it is, that the direct way to it, which is down the valley for two or three miles and then turn off, I am afraid to take, for fear we may fall in with some of these Indian parties. They will be more likely, I think, to rove along the beaten paths than to traverse the untrod forests of the mountains, and in this direction I hope to avoid them."

"And how far is it to the fort, Edna?"

"It is called ten miles by the direct route, but the course I propose to take will make it much further. Still, as we have nearly the whole day before us, I am hoping, if nothing happens, that we shall be able to reach it before night."

"Oh, dear! dear! I do so hope we shall!" said Mary.

While conversing they had not been idle, but were hurrying across the shallow part of the stream.

They came out upon the bank, crossed a broad strip of open meadow land, and then reached a somewhat steep, rocky, and wooded hill, which they forthwith began to climb.

As they ascended the acclivity, they could look back and down upon the long, beautiful valley, which had so lately been a home of joy to them, but which was now a place of terror, marked by blood and fire.

Edna and Mary shuddered as they beheld the black and smoking ruins of their homes, and gave way to almost frantic grief as they recalled the dearly beloved forms and faces that now were hideous things among them.

"Farewell, dear father, mother and sister!" sobbed Edna, as she took her last look of the spot where all that was earthly of them now reposed; "farewell for earth! and God in mercy grant we meet again in heaven!"

With a strong effort she then checked the outward signs of grief, and gave her attention to the duties of preserving her own life and the life of one whom Providence had thrown upon her care.

"I see no Indians, Mary," she said, as she rapidly surveyed the whole scene and dried her eyes, "and so we must hasten on and try to save ourselves."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sobbed the little girl; and then she, too, stopped, and strove to choke down the emotions which were almost breaking her heart.

They clambered up the hill with all the haste they could. When they reached the summit, they saw a long descent, and a high, steep, dreary mountain rising gloomily beyond it.

"Oh, how frightful the way looks!" said Mary.

They glanced back at the valley they had left; and then Edna exclaimed, with terror:

"There! there! Heaven help us! I see more Indians!"

"Where?" cried the little girl, suddenly grasping and clinging to her older companion.

Edna pointed to the spot where a number of savages were moving along in single file, over the very route to the fort which she had avoided taking.

"Oh, what would have become of us if we had gone that way, or had remained any longer down where we were?" shuddered Edna, as she nervously grasped the hand of the child and set forward on a run, down the declivity, through the thick brushwood, regardless of anything except increasing the distance between herself and her foes.

Both were still running and panting from their exertions, when Edna suddenly stopped, with a cry of terror, and pointed to a black bear, which was sitting upon his haunches a few paces in advance of them.

CHAPTER V.

FROM ONE FOE TO ANOTHER.

Little Mary was so frightened at the sight of the beast that she uttered a wailing cry of despair and dropped down on the ground.

Edna was really as much frightened as her companion—for she knew how defenseless she would be against an attack of the formidable animal—but the very fact that there was one weaker and more helpless under her charge, tended to fix her courage and brace her nerves, so that she stood up boldly and faced the danger, and rapidly calculated the chances of escape.

To the right of her was a large rock, which she thought she might climb before the bear could get to her, even if he were to climb it afterward. Above the rock were the branches of a tree which she could easily attain herself, but the question was if the terrified child could be put there first, and keep her hold and ascend beyond the reach of the beast.

The bear was distant about twenty paces, in a part of the wood where there was little or no undergrowth, and could be seen distinctly. His attention was fixed upon the new comers; and, after eyeing them sharply for a few moments, he uttered a low, savage growl, reared himself upon his hind feet, and thus challenged them to a combat which they were most anxious to avoid.

While he thus stood defiantly before them, Edna said to her timid little charge, in a low, hurried tone:

"Mary, darling, if you are not too much frightened to do what I tell you, we can both be saved yet."

"Oh, what, Edna?" gasped the child, looking up.

"Run with me, and mount that rock, and climb up into that tree, before the beast comes to us."

"I'll try," shivered the child.

"Quick, then, your hand!—now! now!—quick! quick!"

Edna seized her hand as she spoke, half lifted Mary to her feet, and darted with her to the rock. Setting her upon it, she sprung upon it herself.

"See! the bear is still there; and we shall have time to climb into the tree, if you will only be brave and cling to the limbs and not fall."

She lifted Mary up into the branches, and the girl clung to them and went up higher.

"For heaven's sake, don't let go, and we shall soon be safe!" said Edna, as she hastily followed the child.

The two girls quickly climbed far up toward the top of the tree, and then found a pretty safe resting-place among the smaller limbs.

"The Lord be praised that we are here!" said Edna, with a shuddering sigh of relief.

"Can't the awful bear get us now?" queried Mary, with quivering lips, as she glanced down in terror at the beast, which was still sharply watching them, evidently considering what he should next do himself.

"I don't think he will try to get at us here," replied Edna.

As she spoke, the beast started leisurely for the tree, snuffing the tainted air.

"Oh, dear! look! he's a-coming for us!" cried the poor child, trembling so with fear that the limbs shook.

"Hush, darling! cling to the boughs, and don't fall, and he will not get to us!" said Edna, encouragingly, though half-fainting with terror herself. "See, Mary! he is too big and clumsy to get clear up here!" she added, trying to believe her own words.

The bear came up to the body of the tree, stood up, put his fore-paws against the trunk, and looked up at the two girls, lolling his tongue. He did not appear to be hungry, nor in an angry mood, though he now and then uttered a low growl.

Edna and Mary watched him, as well as they could through the clustering branches, sometimes fairly holding their breaths in terror.

At length the beast withdrew a little, sat down on his haunches, and began to sway from side to side, keeping his eyes more or less directed at the two human beings whom his presence had imprisoned in the tree.

"Oh, dear me! what shall we do?" groaned little Mary, as she watched the brute in turn. "See, Edna! he's a-going to stay there all day, and then come up and catch us after dark!"

"No," said Edna, whose fear of immediate attack had been her greatest, and was now giving way to a reasoning state of mind, "he will not stay all day, Mary—perhaps not more than an hour. When he finds that we will not come down, he will grow tired of waiting and doing nothing, and then he will go away."

"And when we do go down, maybe he'll find us again, or else some other one will," suggested the child.

"Alas, my darling," sighed Edna, "I cannot conceal, even from myself, that we shall be all the time in danger till we reach some place of safety; and therefore I feel that all we can do is to put our trust in God, and pray to Him for protection and deliverance."

"I'll pray all the time for that," returned Mary.

In less than an hour, as Edna had conjectured, the beast seemed to grow tired of waiting and watching; and then, snuffing the air a few times, he walked leisurely away, down the slope of the hill, occasionally stopping and looking back, till he was nearly out of sight of our friends.

It was at this time, while Edna was indulging in a feeling of great relief, with her eyes still fixed upon the retreating animal, that she was startled by seeing a flash and a puff of smoke issue from some bushes, the bear leap up and fall over, while the report of a rifle came resounding through the forest.

"Oh, mercy! what was that?" exclaimed the frightened Mary, almost losing her hold in the tree.

"Hush! for heaven's sake!" whispered Edna, in great alarm; "it may be the Indians again!"

For at least a minute of painful suspense not a human being appeared to the strained sight of Edna Malvern; and then, to her great, inexpressible joy, she saw a white man emerge from the bushes, where he had remained to reload his rifle, and hastily approach the beast he had shot.

"Oh, Mary, Mary, we are saved!" exclaimed Edna, almost wildly, embracing her companion at the risk of falling to the ground. "See, see, Mary, dear! it is a white hunter, who will protect and guide us to the fort. Quick, darling! let us hasten down to him before he gets away!"

"Hadn't you better call him to us?" suggested Mary, as the two began to descend the tree, in eager, dangerous haste.

"Yes, yes!" answered Edna, "I will!"

The instant her voice reached the hunter, he started, turned quickly in the direction from which the sound came, and seemed to be greatly amazed.

He did not advance to meet the two girls, whom he presently saw, but stood still, and stared, and waited for them to approach him.

As soon as Edna and Mary reached the ground, they ran toward their supposed deliverer, with feelings of tremulous joy; and it was not till they were within a few paces of the man that Edna caught a distinct view of his features.

Then she suddenly checked her speed, turned deadly pale, and seemed to be shocked and filled with dread.

The individual who was the cause of this perturbation, was a young man of not more than five-and-twenty years of age, who wore the ordinary dress of a hunter. His complexion was light, with reddish hair, sandy beard and rather small deep-set pale blue eyes. A casual glance would discover nothing in his appearance to arrest and fix attention. He had a small nose, a large mouth, and a square, massive under jaw; but these last two features, as well as the rest of his face, were mostly concealed by a beard of several weeks' growth. He was barely of medium height, rather stout, strongly built and round-shouldered.

Why was Edna Malvern so fearfully disturbed at the sight of this person?

When she stopped and displayed such remarkable agitation, a scarcely perceptible quiver disturbed the muscles about the mouth of the hunter, and a peculiar, indescribable gleam shot out from his sinister eyes.

He at once advanced toward her, however, with extended hand, apparently in the most friendly manner, and said, in a bland tone, making use of good language:

"To what am I indebted for the pleasure of meeting my old friend, Miss Edna Malvern, in this strange place and manner?"

Edna made a great effort to compose herself and give a calm reply, but failed and burst into tears.

The young man now stood directly before her, his hand still extended, but she did not take it.

He looked at her steadily for a few moments, as, with her hands covering her face, she choked and sobbed; and then turning to the little girl, who was beginning to cry in sympathy, he said:

"Who are you? what is your name? and what brought you and Miss Malvern into this wild forest without protection?"

"Oh, I'm Mary Martin, sir," replied the child, "and all our folks have been killed by the Indians—and we're running away from 'em—and—and—oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Killed by the Indians?" exclaimed the young hunter, with a start.

"Yes, Robert Burdish," now chokingly spoke Edna, "the Indians have killed all the settlers in Malvern Valley—my dear father, mother and sister among the rest—and taken my brother James away a prisoner. This little girl and I have escaped almost by a miracle, and we were trying to find a way across here, to reach Fort Chambers, when we got frightened at the bear you shot and sought safety in the top of yonder tree."

"All killed by the Indians?" repeated Robert Burdish, as if to himself; and then a close observer might have detected something strangely peculiar in the gleam of his eye.

Edna saw something of this, and felt a shudder of dread pass all through her delicate frame; for she knew the man, and feared him almost as much as she did the Indians.

"Oh, sir, you'll take care of us, and take us right away to the fort, won't you?" now queried Mary.

"Certainly, my little dear, if you will only give me a kiss," returned Burdish, stooping down to the child.

Edna started, with a kind of shrinking motion, and her expressive features showed the repulsion she felt.

Little Mary, however, childlike and innocent, impulsively turned up her pretty face and mouth for the requested salute; but from some cause, some instinct perhaps, just as the lips of Burdish were about to touch hers, she sprung back, with a little cry, and, catching hold of the dress of Edna, said quickly:

"No, sir, don't—I'd rather not."

"As you please," returned Burdish, quietly, as he lifted his glowing face, and fixed his eyes in a peculiar way upon Edna, who also changed color and seemed not a little agitated and startled.

"How is it I find you here, Mr Burdish?" she hastily questioned, as if for something to say. "I thought you had left this part of the country."

"And were glad to think so, perhaps," he replied, with a slight quiver of the muscles about his mouth. "Suppose I admit that I did leave these parts, and have been drawn back by what you call Providence, to be a protector to you in this your hour of tribulation?"

"Oh, Robert Burdish, you will not do me any harm?" she exclaimed, in an agitated manner.

"Harm Edna Malvern! the girl I love above all others!" he rejoined, with a peculiar expression.

"Oh, sir—Mr. Burdish—do not speak to me in that way!" she cried, looking somewhat wildly around her, and being painfully sensible that, alone and unprotected, she was now completely in the power of a man who was believed to be a murderer, and upon whose head a price had been set.

"It would not be the first time we have spoken together of love," he quietly observed.

"But, for heaven's sake, let it be the last!" she cried, again bursting into tears and trembling from head to foot.

For nearly a minute he stood and regarded her in a very strange way, and then said:

"Let us change the subject. Please be kind enough to give me the details of all that has happened as far as you know?"

In a hurried, agitated manner, interrupted with tears and sobs, poor Edna Malvern briefly recounted the terrible events already known to the reader.

Robert Burdish quietly heard her through to the end, and then said, deep down in his dark soul:

"Alone in the world, helpless and unprotected, in this great forest, where I am master, what power shall take her from my hands? *She is mine!*"

(*Continued in "Saturday Night," No. 16.*)

THE HOME.—The poetry of belief makes the home the very ideal of sweetness, peace, love, security. Sisters are angelic friends each to each, and parents and children are inclosed in a golden circle of affection, which keeps in all the good spirits and shuts out all the bad. Husbands and wives live in a daily atmosphere of contented affection which is superior to the tumultuous fever of the love-making time, in so far as it is surer and more serene; and if the world does not penetrate within those four walls, life is assumed to be all the better for the absence of disturbing elements—by no means the poorer for the want of additional interest, or the less carefully conducted for the want of critical eyes to overlook.

Wauwauko the War-Chief

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

"Hello, Jack!" he shouted, as he espied a tall figure some distance away, riding at a rapid clip.

He repeated the call several times, but there was no answering shout or wave of the hand to indicate that Jack had heard him. Finally, however, he thought it was possible that he was not hailed because he was behind, driving upon the trail.

Jack was a young man of some few years, and he had been a scout for a number of years. He was known by every possible manner, from man to woman to child, from Fort Laramie to Fort Benton, and he was looked with fear of native and admiration by all.

The two men attained in a way, kept in communication with each other, and Jack was always ready to render any possible manner, that was in his power to do so.

Jack was considered by nearly all the men who had opposed the old scout, as being the most dangerous opponent. They had found the word, "Jack Rabbit," to be a synonym for death, and had learned to look upon the name with fear and dread.

Jack was a man of medium height, but he was of the true appearance of the frontiersman, and he was the quickest shot in the country.

He could shoot, and he could ride, and there was a possibility that his every action would be governed by the very best of judgment.

He was a man of few words, and he was known to be a man of his word.

When Jack heard the call he reined in his horse, and looked around him.

He saw the old scout, and the latter's team coming at a rapid gait.

He could see that Bill was driving, and that he was alone.

Jack knew that Bill would not be alone unless there was something wrong, and he at once started to meet the old scout.

"Hello, Bill!" he shouted, as he neared the old scout. "What's the matter?"

"Whoa, there!" answered the old scout, as he drew in his team. "Whoa, there, I say!"

Jack rode up to the old scout's side, and looked at him inquiringly.

"Jack," answered the old scout, "I'm glad to see you. I was afraid that you would not hear me, and that you would ride on."

"I heard you," answered Jack, "but I thought that you were behind me, and I was waiting for you to come up. What's the matter?"

"Jack," answered the old scout, "I'm in a peck of trouble, and I'm afraid that I'll never get out of it. I'm afraid that I'll never get out of it alive."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Jack, in surprise.

"Why, I'll tell you," answered the old scout, "I've been on the trail for the last two days, and I've been trying to get to Fort Benton, but I've been delayed by the Indians, and I've had to fight my way through them. I've had a number of fights, and I've had to run away from them, and I've had to hide myself in the brush, and I've had to do all sorts of things, and I've had a hard time of it, and

A LOVER'S PUZZLE.

BY MARY MIDDLEMORE.

Which of the two, oh, heart of mine?
Which shall I win for my very own?
Both are so winsome, and daintily fine—
Lovelier maidens were never known!

It troubles me sorely, night and day—
Troubles my dreams and waking-hours;
Which of these lissom maids, I pray?
Graceful, beautiful, human flowers!

Effie is sweet as a rose, and as fair—
That's her picture against the wall;
Clarice is stately and debonair,
With cheeks like a peach in the purple fall.

Effie has eyes like the skies of June,
Dreamy and tender, and dewy and sweet;
Her voice is as low as a fairy tune—
Shall I pour out my heart at her twinkling feet?

But just as bewitching is dark-eyed Clare,
With her arch little ways and wondrous smile;
With her rich ripe lips and her tawny hair
She soothes yet tortures you all the while.

And this is the puzzle I can't make out;
But stay—what a donkey I have been!
No longer I'll wander the paths of doubt,
For I'll take the girl that has got—"the tin!"

FASHIONS OF THE SEASON.

A Chat with the Ladies, About What to Wear and How to Wear It.

Among the pretty new costumes of the week was one in the darkest of blue diagonals, with the same shade of silk. The bottom of skirt had a side-pleating of diagonal three inches wide. Above this was a bias fifteen inches deep. The lower edge was bound with the blue silk, and two inches from the edge were five rows of shirring, then a space of another inch, five more rows of shirring, still another inch and five rows of shirring. The upper part of the bias was finished the same, and it was then put on the skirt in the shape of a broad, flat puff. Above the upper silk-bound edge were three ruffles, two of silk and one of diagonal, and these were caught to the skirt to form minute ruffles. A tablier, with a shirred centre piece of silk, was shirred at the sides on to a deep kilting, that formed a pouf and frill in a deep, broad sash, quite meeting the upper part of trimming on the skirt.

The basque was made long on the hips, short both front and back. The centre of the back was formed of alternate folds of the diagonal and silk; and back of each hip were pockets formed of alternate folds of the two materials. The sleeves were finished with like cuffs. This suit was very genteel, and we give it as a combination easily modeled after.

Another pretty suit was made of gray and white snow-flake knickerbocker cloth. The skirt was trimmed with two four-inch deep box-pleating. The over-dress was the new Marguerite pelisse—a basque and over-skirt combined. The cuirass is first made, not extra tight-fitting, and afterward the skirt is attached to it underneath, giving the appearance of one garment. All the material required for one of these pelisses is about four yards of forty-five-inch goods, and four yards of silk for pockets and sashes.

There are pretty styles of costumes with rever fronts, and one that we noticed particularly was in a seal-brown velvet under skirt, with a fine cashmere, with *drap d'ete* finish, of the same shade. The velvet skirt was perfectly plain. The front of the over-skirt had broad revers of velvet, and this was laced down the centre with heavy silk cord, finished with long tassels of silk and chenille. The basque was a beautifully-fitting cuirass, the edge bound with the velvet, and a square collar fitted the neck, formed to separate rever piece, that was attached to the waist by means of hooks and loops underneath. This was laced through the centre with the same lacing as the skirt. Indeed, we should have mentioned that the waist rever was attached to the over-skirt in that way. The sleeves were a tight coat, laced on the back, and a velvet cuff extending to the elbow.

The prettiest and most comfortable sacques are made of matelasse, lined, and trimmed with cooks' plumage in which is a slight tinge of green. With such garments are worn, in extreme cold weather, perforated chamois jackets, with or without sleeves, as one may wish.

For the little folks we have seen some lovely costumes, not however unlike those made for their mammas.

One we noticed particularly as being in such good taste was a dress of light blue merino, the skirt trimmed with tiny flounces, alternate of silk and merino. Over this, and nearly covering it, was a coat of mottled knickerbocker cloth, bordered with a squirrel skin. A small cardinal cape, edged with fur, gave extra warmth to the shoulders, and a band of fur protected the neck. The sleeves were edged with fur, and a deep cuff was bordered with it. The close cottage hat was of blue shirred velvet, trimmed around the crown with blue ostrich ruching; a full quilling of lace, with tiny moss rosebuds in it.

Another pretty suit upon a little girl of two was an elaborately embroidered dress of white pique. A deep, long sacque of seal-brown velvet was confined at the waist with broad cardinal red sash, laid in three folds, and tied in loose bows at the back. The hat was of brown velvet, closely shirred, and made in the close cottage cap now worn by such toddlers, and fully trimmed with Italian edge.

For little boys, was a suit of gray cloth. The skirt was in kilts, and the front centre was elaborately embroidered in wool. The jacket was cut in square lapels all the way round, button-holed on the edge, and in each lapel a device in wool. A straight vest, buttoned up the centre, was a mass of embroidery on each side. This prettily-made suit cost $22, with cap to match, trimmed with a band of fur.

For boys of larger growth, there are suits of sacque, coat, vest and wide knee-trowsers, the sides of the pants and the jacket ornamented with gusset-shaped straps of black velvet. Byron collar and white cuffs, with a blue silk necktie, and a gray felt hat, with a broad black band, make this a tasteful suit for a boy of six or eight.

Beaver cloth cloaks are plentifully embroidered both by band and machine. Embroidery as done by machine at the present age is something beautiful and marvelous to behold.

A new invention, just out, is for arranging ribbon in puffs and under lace with all possible speed. We all know how provoking this work is, for the ribbon will twist and turn with the most experienced hands. With this labor saving affair, the ribbon, no matter what width, is kept straight, and 'tis said the trimming can be changed from one costume to another in five minutes—labor that would require hours in the old way. This must prove invaluable to those attending parties and balls, and to dressmakers, for we all know a lace or puffed costume can have its whole appearance changed in a few moments by the change in color of ribbons.

Another invention destined to prove useful is the india-rubber umbrella, of which we will tell you more another week. And now,

Au revoir! BLANCHE.

MAUDIE.—Get a dark gray empress, and model after the blue diagonal above.

H. GOLDIE.—The basket cloth, by all means, cut in French-sacque shape.

MADAM G.—We never advise anything of the kind, and urge you to banish the thought.

HURD HOUSE.—Cannot advertise firm names in this column. Will answer by mail, on receipt of stamp and address.

BERTIE.—Gay sashes are no longer worn. The hair is coiled low on the neck; compactness is closely observed. A cashmere, made in that style, would make an elegant costume.

JEAN.—So glad the mystery is solved at last. Conjectured that matrimony, emigration, or hydrophobia had cut off all longing for lambrequins. Trust our selection pleased you.

LOULIE.—What a lovely, rare shade! A stem switch, thirty inches long, would cost you from $15 to $30. All long hair, twenty-seven to thirty-two inches, from $35 to $75. Patterns and full description for black alpaca, bust measure, 75 cents.

JENNIE E. S.—Thanks for your very complimentary letter. The poem did not escape us, we can assure you. Go isle for *bal masque*. Why not get a silver-mounted bouquet-holder? Or perhaps a shell set, or Joan-of-Arc belt, would please. Yes, good.

ADA SLEEBEM.—Cut your velvet into one of the new-style dolmans, or a French sacque. Trim with coques plumage, $1.75 per yard. A lace bertha, or the plumage put on in shape of bertha, with fall of lace. Shall be most happy to assist you in any way. We are only too glad to add your name to our constantly-increasing list of "chat" friends.

SUSIE BURGESS.—Get a dark blue felt, with plush brim; trim with cream color and blue—there are very pretty wings in all the fashionable shades—or a cream-colored felt, trimmed with seal brown, coques ruching, and a seal-and-cream wing, with another of pale pink, and a roll and loops of pale pink, soft silk in front, would make you a lovely hat. Either would cost about $5.60.

☞ All queries from our lady friends answered with pleasure in this column. Address "Fashion Editress, Saturday Night Office."

—Nature is the only workman to whom no material is worthless, the only chemist in whose laboratory there are no waste products, and the only artist whose compositions are infinitely varied, and whose fertility of invention is inexhaustible.

A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

BY A. F. HILL.

Nearly a hundred years ago, when the settlements on the eastern shores of the Monongahela were yet quite fresh, the people were for a time greatly harassed by a gang of robbers, who habitually stole their horses, cattle and farm products, and who even became so aggressive as to strike down a solitary traveler in the lonely country roads, and rob him of whatever articles of value he chanced to have in his possession.

For several years, the frequent depredations of the bandits were a source of terror to the industrious people who felled the heavy timber and tilled the fertile soil along the river shores. They were unseen and unknown, and the secrecy of their movements, together with their evident knowledge of everything that transpired in the settlements, increased the awe in which they were held.

The Indians had barely departed—indeed, a few friendly ones still remained—and the new enemies of the settlers denied them the peace and security to which they had looked forward. At the time of which I write there lived near the mouth of Catt's Run, which empties into the Monongahela about ninety miles from Pittsburg, an Indian named Deerfoot, who had lingered on the shores of the "Falling-in-bank River," as the name signifies in the Indian tongue, and who was very friendly toward the whites. But there were persons in those days who "hated the sight of an Indian," and who in this case went so far, in the exercise of their prejudices, as to suggest that Deerfoot dwelt among the settlers as a spy and informer, and that his own people, directed by him, came from beyond the river on marauding expeditions.

Popular feeling arose against the Indian, and some of the more impulsive of the settlers recommended that he should be put to death. It was urged that his actions were suspicious; that his manner was more than usually reserved of late; that he frequently absented himself from the neighborhood for several days at a time, although a liberal mind might have accounted for this on the ground that it was to indulge his native propensities of hunting and fishing. It was also known that he owned a canoe, which he kept moored in a secluded place in the Run, a little way from the river, and it was hinted that he used it in making nocturnal visits to his people on the western shore.

These things were secretly discussed for some time, and one summer afternoon, when Deerfoot visited a little grocery or trading-place by the river, about a mile above Catt's Run, he found a party of young men collected there, who accused him of complicity in the frequent robberies. He denied the charge, but evinced no signs of surprise. Regarding this as a significant circumstance, the young farmers seized the Indian, bound him with a rope, and endeavored by threats of hanging, to extort a confession from him.

"Deerfoot is not guilty," was his only response.

He was held in custody for hours, and subjected to various indignities; but he persisted in denying any participation in the robberies. The older settlers, learning of what was going on, began to collect at the grocery, and they were disposed to proceed with less precipitation. At their instance, Deerfoot was unbound, though enjoined to remain awhile to be questioned.

This humane course incensed some of the more impetuous of the young settlers, and led to words that threatened bloodshed.

Among the most clamorous for the death of Deerfoot was a tall, muscular young man, named Gibben. He was so enraged that he quarreled bitterly with an old Indian-fighter, named Barton, who had faith in the innocence of Deerfoot. So boisterous did he become in his vituperations, that the others ceased their warm discussions to listen to him. He had his rifle, which he flourished in a threatening manner to give force to his angry expressions, and the calm demeanor of Barton, who was also armed with a rifle, only increased his rage.

"It's a shame!" vociferated Gibben—"it's a shame to let this robbing and plundering go on, when we have it in our power to stop it, and all because of the interference of you old simpletons!"

"You have no proof that Deerfoot has anything to do with the stealing, and you shan't harm him till you have," replied Barton.

"I won't ask *you* whether I may or not. If the rest won't help me, I'll kill him myself."

"Oh, no! You won't do that," rejoined Barton, quietly.

"I will!" exclaimed Gibben, his face dark with rage. "He shan't leave here alive!"

He cocked and leveled his rifle at the Indian, who stood unmoved a dozen feet from him.

The scene was an exciting one. Several who stood near the Indian scattered quickly, lest they should receive the bullet by mistake, while some of the party cried, "Shoot him! down with him!" and others exclaimed, "Gibben, don't do that! It's murder!"

But he had no time to pull the trigger before his rifle-barrel received a blow on the under side from that of Barton, which sent the weapon flying over his head, and it fell some rods distant.

The act was done so dexterously that there was a shout of admiration in favor of Barton, followed by derisive laughter at the expense of Gibben. The temper of the latter was not improved by the occurrence, and he ran and picked up his rifle, which had not been discharged, and in his blind rage seemed about to level it on Barton himself; but the latter cooled him down with a quiet movement of his own rifle, and the warning words:

"Yes, just try that!"

"Very well," said Gibben, shouldering his rifle, and assuming a calmness he did not feel. "I'll have no more to do with the matter. I'm not supported in my efforts for the good of the community; now they may steal all you have, burn your houses and scalp you in the bargain, for what I care."

So saying, he walked away in the direction of his home, and was soon out of sight.

"I will speak now," said Deerfoot, gravely; "for I see that my white neighbors are not all unreasonable. I will say what I have thought I had no right to speak. I have lived among you and you have been my friends. I have not forgotten that you made me welcome in your midst, when I said that I wanted to spend the rest of my days here by the river; and such has been my love for you that I have long since ceased to yearn for my departed people. Now I am accused of being in league with those who are making secret war upon you; so come with me and I will show you their hiding-place. I have known it long."

"Ah, I thought so!" interrupted one of the young farmers.

"Yes; but I have been silent because I thought it did not belong to me to reveal what should cause the bloodshed I had hoped to see no more."

"Oh, the red rascals!" exclaimed one of the settlers. "Show us where they are."

"Come with me, and you will know why I have held my peace."

He walked quietly away down the river, accompanied by Barton and followed by the whole party, who began to examine their weapons in anticipation of an encounter with prowling Indians. A walk of fifteen minutes brought the party to the edge of a dense forest of trees and underbrush, through which Catt's Run flowed; and Deerfoot, with a gesture to enjoin silence, moved stealthily on through the bushes, the rest following in Indian file, till he reached the bank of the creek, which lay deep in a little valley, and was so arbored with the foliage of great trees that the sunlight was shut out from its quiet waters.

Following their guide, the party proceeded noiselessly down the stream, and in another minute found themselves under an immense sycamore—probably the largest tree that ever grew in that part of the country. It was about fifteen feet in diameter, and its great boughs extended out so far in every direction that its foliage overshadowed fully a quarter of an acre. Not one of the party, except Deerfoot, had ever seen this giant tree before; and as he made a sign to them to halt, they stood regarding it with admiration and wonder.

They were within a few steps of the trunk, and for the moment were so absorbed in their admiration of the kingly sycamore that they forgot both their errand and their guide. It was only for a moment, however, for a sudden crash recalled them, and they saw Deerfoot standing at the roots of the tree, and near him a dark aperture in the trunk, nearly as large as a door, which he had just disclosed by tumbling from its place a large mass, which had been nicely fitted into the opening. The tree was hollow—a mere shell—and a dozen people might have lived within it. But a new surprise awaited the settlers. Scarcely had the opening appeared, when a man darted from it like a projectile, and disappeared among the bushes.

"Why, that was Gibben!" exclaimed one of the farmers.

"I thought so, too," said another.

"And I *know* it," said Deerfoot. "He it is that has been dwelling among you as a spy, and his companions are in this tree. They are white men, and none of my people. Some of them are strangers to you. He has come to warn them to flee, for he suspected that I knew of their den, and might be persuaded to reveal it, as I have now done."

At that moment a rifle-barrel was thrust from the opening, the muzzle almost in the face of the Indian, discharged, and quickly withdrawn. The bullet passed his ear and lodged in the arm of one of the farmers, whose rifle fell from his hands.

"The wolves are in here and must be smoked out," said Deerfoot.

"Help me away, boys; my arm's broke," said the wounded farmer.

He was carried away, fainting, out of the range of bullets.

Barton called out to the unseen robbers, demanding their surrender, but they only replied with several rifle-shots, which did no damage.

In obedience to a gesture from Deerfoot, the whole party collected on the southern side of the tree, where he gave them to understand they would be out of range. There was no more firing from within, and Barton called out:

"You had better come forth and surrender. We know who you are, and if we have to take you by force you need expect no mercy."

"You won't find it so easy to take us," came from within—the voice having a strange, hollow sound. "We have provisions and ammunition enough to last us a year. Besides, if we want to, we can kill every one of you in fifteen minutes by firing through loop-holes. You'd better go away and let us alone."

"We're not very likely to," retorted Barton. "Now, boys, some dry twigs and brush."

A mass of rubbish was quickly piled up at the aperture and set on fire, and the tree began to fill with smoke. Handfuls of gunpowder thrown upon the fire greatly aided this object. Coughing and gasping were heard within, and one said, with a bitter imprecation:

"Oh, I can't stand this!"

"Then come out into the air," said Barton.

"Never! We'll die in here first."

"Die, then!"

Another minute passed. The fire was crackling and roaring; while flash after flash of powder sent fresh volumes of smoke into the tree. Suddenly, there was a commotion among the burning brush, the sparks and embers flew in every direction, and five rough-looking men darted out through the flames, like affrighted demons, and fled into the bushes.

"Fire on them!" shouted Barton.

A dozen rifles were discharged, but the aim of the settlers was confused, and only one of the robbers was brought down lifeless. The whole settlement was aroused, and a fruitless search made for the escaped robbers. They had taken refuge in a cave, known only to themselves, some miles down the river, and it was a year or two later that they were finally unearthed and annihilated.

An examination of the interior of the sycamore which had long been the abode of the plunderers, revealed vast stores of provisions, arms and valuables, stolen from the settlers. This famous tree was still standing fifty years ago, and many old citizens of that locality remember it distinctly; but no trace of it now remains. The writer lately visited the spot where it once stood.

The treacherous Gibben, who of course disappeared from the neighborhood of Catt's Run, after the discovery of his affiliation with the robbers, joined them at the cave alluded to, and met his deserts when the gang was broken up.

Deerfoot, the faithful Indian, was shot dead in his canoe, not long after revealing the secret of the sycamore; but by whom can never be more than a matter of surmise.

Trifles that Vex Us.

Few men can bear vexations with dignity. They are the mosquitoes that infest the moral atmosphere. To sum up the forces which philosophy gives one for control—courage, patience, fortitude, magnanimity—for the purpose of meeting an attack of venomous insects, seems ridiculous. But a bite is a bite, however tiny the insect that inflicts it; and when bites come in quick succession, each one just enough to make a man wince and rub the place, and feel for a few moments the rankle of the poison, how can he preserve the placidity of his temper or the decorum of his manners? We have known individuals whose forbearance under repeated wrongs has excited our highest admiration, utterly upset by the pertinacious impudence or the unteachable stolidity of a house-fly. And no wonder! No one can stand being baited by teasing insignificance. A loud-buzzing, swift-flashing blue-bottle, darting backward and forward within an inch of your ears, is very apt to raise your ire; but, after all, he is nothing to that much smaller specimen of the tribe, which perseveres in restricting its sphere of flight within a foot at farthest from your nose, and pitches, and pitches, and pitches again upon that susceptible organ, only shifting its position to let you scratch, and then immediately coming down again. Does the reader remember having ever met with a person who could keep his serenity unruffled under that provocation? No. There are some ills which no philosophy can reach—some annoyances which no temper can put up with—simply because they are in themselves so petty, and yet so potent. Now vexations greatly resemble flies—at least in the effect which they produce. They come upon us so suddenly, so frequently, sometimes so persistently, that you get thrown off your balance before you are well aware of it. You cannot treat them as you would troubles. They are too puny to drive you back upon the sources of patience and endurance! They do not assail your feelings or your sympathies, but your temper.

—Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart. It gives harmony to the soul, and is a perpetual song without words. It enables nature to recruit its strength; whereas worry and discontent debilitate it, involving constant wear and tear. By all means cultivate cheerfulness.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Authors desiring MSS. returned to them, if rejected, must send postage for that purpose, otherwise MSS. will be destroyed.

GREEN COACHMAN.—An excellent blacking for harness is prepared by melting 2 ounces of mutton suet with 6 ounces of beeswax, to which are to be added 6 ounces of sugar candy, 2 ounces of soft soap dissolved in water, and 1 ounce of indigo finely powdered, and when melted and well mixed, a gill of turpentine. It is to be put on with a sponge and polished with a brush.

MRS. P. S. E.—"Reynard the fox" is the hero in the celebrated beast epic of the fourteenth century. This prose poem is a satire on the state of Germany in the middle ages. Reynard typifies the church; his uncle, Isengrin the wolf, typifies the baronial element; and Nobel the lion, the regal. Reynard, which is derived from a Gothic word meaning cunning in counsel, hence came to be a synonym for the fox in fables and poetry.

ALICE P. T.—A tin wedding is celebrated on the tenth anniversary of the wedding-day. Invitations, when desired, are printed on tin, with monogram in silver on the envelope. It is customary for the gifts presented on such occasions to be inexpensive articles of tinware, and thus, at little personal expense to the guests, much amusement may be afforded. The amusements of the occasion are the same as those of ordinary companies, and the refreshments are provided by the host and hostess who issue the invitations.

JAMES T.—Under the extradition treaty which exists between the United States and Great Britain, a criminal, guilty of embezzlement, who had fled from Canada and taken refuge in this country, would be delivered up to the officers of justice on a proper demand being made for his extradition. As the matter would have to pass through a strict form of legal procedure, you could do nothing in the matter except to notify the injured parties of the whereabouts of the defaulter, that they might, if they saw fit, urge on the steps needful for his seizure.

L. I. P.—You are standing on the brink of a crumbling precipice, and may almost any moment be destroyed. Not to speak of honor and morality, your course of conduct cannot be condemned too strongly, for reasons of physiology alone, as injurious, inexcusable, and unsafe on prudential grounds. If you can do no better, go out into the world and show yourself worthy of a better future. But such a flight would be a desertion from your highest duty, and you should rather assume the responsibilities which you have incurred. Be manly, and retrieve your faults.

WAX.—As wax when first collected is of a yellow color, more or less deep, it has to be bleached before use. This is effected by melting the wax with a small portion of sulphuric acid, which aids in the separation of certain of the impurities, so that they settle in the acidulated water. So soon as by subsidence the wax is bright, it is cut up into ribbons, and bleached by exposure to the sun and air for several days; after which it is once more melted, cut into ribbons, and exposed to the sun. Should it still have a yellow tinge, it is subjected to the same process again. The wax is not only whitened in the bleaching process but hardened also.

THEODORE.—1. Hesse-Cassel has an area of 4430 square miles, being just twice the area of the State of Delaware, and a population of 770,500. 2. The sovereign house of "Hessen-Kassel" was founded by William the Sage, in 1567. The landgrave was raised to the dignity of elector by the treaty of Luneville, in 1801. From 1806 to 1813 its territory formed a part of the kingdom of Westphalia, of which Cassel was the capital. It was re-erected into an electorate in 1813, and finally annexed to Prussia in 1867. The latter power, by a decree of December 7, 1868, amalgamated it with the district of Nassau, to constitute the district of Hesse-Nassau.

A BEAT.—1. In walking with two cousins, or with other ladies, a gentleman should offer an arm to each after nightfall; but in the daytime he should walk next to the curb. 2. Where a gentleman and lady cannot walk abreast, as in a narrow path or in a dense crowd, the former should step in advance. 3. In coming from church, a gentleman offers his arm in the vestibule. 4. Consult Putnam's "Manual of Etiquette," or "Bazar Book of Decorum," for social [illegible]